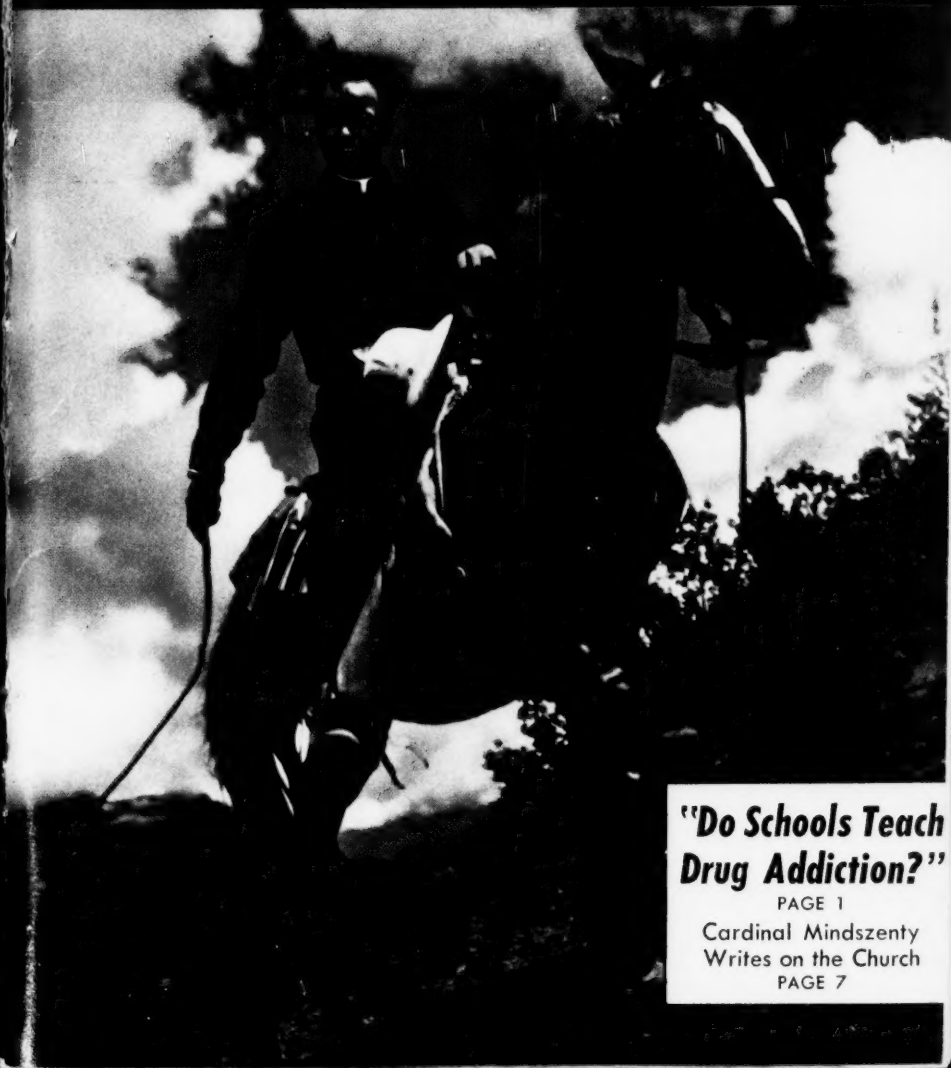


# Catholic Digest

FEBRUARY 1952

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**"Do Schools Teach  
Drug Addiction?"**

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Cardinal Mindszenty  
Writes on the Church

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Editor: PAUL BUSSARD

Managing Editor: LOUIS A. GALES

ASSISTANT EDITORS: Kenneth Ryan, Edward A. Harrigan, Harold J. O'Loughlin, Joseph E. Aberwald, Harry W. Flannery, Jean Oesterle. ART: Kern Pederson

New York Office: 300 Park Ave., New York 22, New York

ASSOCIATE EDITOR: Jeanne Dixon. PICTURES: Joseph C. Jones. BOOK EDITOR: Francis B. Thornton.

CIRCULATION: Robert C. Morrow. PROMOTION: Thomas J. McElroy. SALES: George Hamilton

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## Do Schools Teach Drug Addiction?

*Unwise teaching methods make the evils of narcotics  
attractive to children*

By JAMES C. G. CONNIFF

**W**HEN Francis Cardinal Spellman remarked to Spruille Braden that not a single case of drug addiction had been found in the parochial schools of the Archdiocese of New York, Mr. Braden, who is president of the New York City Anti-Drug committee, was deeply impressed.

"In fact," said His Eminence, "after intensive investigation we have not discovered even one instance of drug peddling."

The drug scandal in New York City's public schools, intensified by the televised testimony of child addicts, was in everybody's mind. To be told that in the same city there was an independent school system which was apparently just as vulnerable but had remained immaculate stirred up questions in Mr. Braden's mind which he was too much of a diplomat to ask.

Instead, he did some quiet checking of his own among New York's Protestant parochial schools and Yeshiva institutes. Like the Catholic schools, many of their students came from districts where agents of the dope rings were active enough to produce one dope addict among every 200 public high-school students, yet their record also was perfect.

Mr. Braden's conclusion, like Cardinal Spellman's point in the first place, was that here we are confronted with new evidence indicating that the formal religious element in education is that which truly educates.

Naturally, nobody expected that religion would enter into the city's hasty countermeasures against the suddenly exposed corruption in its school system.

There is considerable question,

however, whether the steps that are being taken are not causing more harm than good.

Teachers are busily engaged in the new extracurricular activity of snooping through desks, behind fixtures of washrooms, and in other recesses of school buildings for such evidences of addiction as teaspoons with bent handles and burned bowls, hypodermic needles and syringes, medicine droppers, safety pins, bottle tops, packets of white powder or empty gelatin capsules.

These pursuits, which naturally take quite a bit of time away from ordinary instruction, do not escape the attention of their young charges. But that doesn't bother anybody particularly. Today's public-school children in New York, if they have not learned all about drugs from whispered conversations or actual practice, are having this information added to their education.

Teacher indoctrination pamphlets (*Suggestions for Teaching the Nature and Effects of Narcotics*, for use in grades 7-12) are rapidly being distributed among supervisors and classroom personnel to implement the sudden campaign.

The fact that the U.S. commissioner of narcotics, Harry J. Anslinger, is diametrically opposed to this approach to the narcotic problem doesn't seem to bother the educators at all.

Anslinger is opposed because he feels that there is a terrific risk in disclosing too much on such a hot

subject to impressionable young minds. He is no newcomer to the war against dope. A powerfully built man who hides carborundum hardness beneath a soft voice and an affable manner, the commissioner has spent 20 years battling dope rings here and abroad. Many consider him the outstanding authority on the subject in the U.S., if not in the world.

Although he necessarily has much more contact with law than with poetry, Anslinger agrees thoroughly with Alexander Pope that

*Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,  
As to be hated needs but to be seen;  
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her  
face,*

*We first endure, then pity, then embrace.*

"I cannot overemphasize the folly of letting children know too much about the use of narcotics," Anslinger says. "People who have made a lifelong study of the matter are opposed to giving even adults too much information on this treacherous subject. Think how much worse it is to be making the effects of dope a topic of daily conversation among the young."

Nevertheless, the public schools are directed to "stimulate the growth of desirable attitudes concerning the use of narcotics" while the pupils are, quite properly if somewhat belatedly, urged to "assume responsibility for one's own health and behavior in school,



home, and also in the community."

The school's job, say the educators, is to "acquaint the pupil with authentic information concerning narcotics and the problems they produce." The pupil, in turn, has as one of his goals the duty to "acquire authentic information concerning the nature of narcotic drugs (and the) dangers involved in addiction."

Apologists for this method of tackling so serious a menace like to remind us that another school objective is the development of "an understanding of the moral, personal and social problems created through the use of narcotics." This is all well and good, except that the use of the word *moral* here doesn't imply what George Washington had in mind when he talked of the close link between morality and religion, but what is described in one of the suggested *Topics for Discussion* as "the relationship between the use of marijuana and other narcotics and undesirable behavior."

"Undesirable behavior" is to genuine morality as pink circus cotton candy is to a good square meal. But

use of the term *morality* always involves religion, as Washington well knew, so it is shunned in the pronouncements of public-school officials. Religion is the reminder that man is bound to the God who made him. We don't mention God in our schools—only on our money.

Other items recommended for consideration in these *Topics for Discussion* include "History of narcotic drugs," "Legal use of narcotic drugs by physicians," "Forms in which the illegal use of narcotic drugs may be introduced (capsules, pills, etc.)," "Manner in which some persons become introduced to habit-forming drugs," "Manner of dealing with situations leading to use of narcotic drugs (parties, etc.)," "Dangers of self-medication, including the use of barbiturates," and "Causal relationship between crime, delinquency, and the illegal use of narcotics."

No matter how competent the teachers in charge may be, open classroom inquiry into and discussion of such dangerously exciting aspects of the grim picture can hardly help but be harmful, if we



are to believe such experienced men as Anslinger. Yet they are being examined by children in grades seven to 12 in the New York City schools, which means from about the age of 12 on up.

Of course, New York is not the only big town where, since the war, a \$100-million annual candy-store, street-corner, back-alley and curbside market of marijuana, opium, morphine, and heroin to mere children has cropped up and is still going full blast.

The plague is nation-wide, with a relatively light record only on the West Coast. Chicago, Detroit, Philadelphia, St. Louis, New Orleans, Baltimore, and Washington, D.C., are as heavily infested with greedy beasts out to make an easy dollar out of school children. Right now it's New York that's making the big noise about educating the young away from this peril, but educators have a habit of following suit.

Commercially minded movie producers are getting in on the act, too, which also troubles Anslinger. "This is strictly a money deal, and not a mistaken approach from an educational standpoint," he says. "Knowing the appeal of crime-busting to the juvenile mind, from Wild West outlawry to metropolitan gangsterism, money-grabbing operators are already peddling motion pictures showing teen-age drug addiction.

"Recently in Baltimore several

civic and educational groups vehemently rejected such a picture after viewing it, alarmed by the probability that it would spread addiction despite the don't-do-this sugar-coating applied by the producer. One recent film on this subject shows methods of injection, new ways of shoplifting, and the art of prostitution, all on the pretense of advising the viewer not to become involved in drug addiction. Is this the sort of thing you want your child to see?"

The commissioner's viewpoint on the dangers of reckless educational methods is shared by such widely divergent organizations as the Women's Christian Temperance Union and the United Nations.

In late 1950, the national WCTU, convening at Denver, adopted a resolution "to discourage the indiscriminate use of stories based on the narcotic theme as presently exploited in motion pictures, radio and television programs, and in certain types of magazine and newspaper articles, all of which have the effect of increasing rather than lessening the hazards which lead to drug addiction."

This was followed in May, 1951, by the adoption of an even more forceful resolution by the United Nations Economic and Social Council's Commission on Narcotic Drugs. The commission reiterated a principle originally set forth by the League of Nations Advisory Committee on Traffic in Opium

and Other Dangerous Drugs in 1935, which was based on replies to a questionnaire sent to 68 governments. The principle was "that propaganda in schools and other forms of direct propaganda can be with advantage employed only in certain countries where drug addiction has assumed widespread proportions [China, Iran, India, Thailand], and that in other countries where it is of a more sporadic character [certainly including the U. S.] such measures would be definitely dangerous."

It is significant that this resolution was adopted by a vote of ten nations to one. The one negative nation was Russia. The Reds' obvious reasons for opposing a tight-lipped educational policy on drug addiction form perhaps the most chillingly cogent argument in support of Commissioner Anslinger's position. Russia must feel that the more our kids hear about dope, the more likely they are to do a bit of experimenting, and the more experimenting, particularly if it leads to addiction, the better Stalin will like it.

Even if classroom indoctrination into the evils of dope could be considered beneficial, Anslinger doesn't think we would be getting at the root of the problem. The real trouble, he believes, is the breakdown of the family.

"Many factors are contributing to this triple menace to the physical, mental and moral faculties of our

young people," he says, "but the most important one stems from the home itself. As everyone knows, there has been a phenomenal rise in juvenile delinquency. This is a fertile field for the cultivation of drug addiction. Traffickers, always alert for customers, have turned to juvenile delinquents as a new and ready source of users.

"Nearly all juveniles who become drug addicts come from homes where there is inadequate parental control, a lack of moral and ethical values, and a total disregard of human personality and personal responsibility. The addiction follows in the wake of the wave of juvenile delinquency, and does not usually precede it. This is true at least in most of the cases coming to our attention. Crime breeds drug addiction and drug addiction breeds crime. It is a vicious circle."

Few people beyond those directly connected with the drug problem realize how serious it is becoming. Dr. Victor H. Vogel, director of the U. S. Public Health Service hospital for dope addicts at Lexington, Ky., calls drug addiction a communicable disease. It has been well established that each individual addict will cause four other persons to become addicts and these four can make 16 others, and so on. Teen-age addiction is said to have doubled and redoubled since the start of 1950. Eighteen per cent of the admissions at Lexington are under 21 years of age.

What steps are being taken, beyond education, to keep the drug menace under control? Anslinger, who is charged with the job, has approximately 200 agents to cover the country and watch incoming ships, to keep smugglers from crossing our 45,072 miles of coastline, not including the Canadian and Mexican borders. His entire force would be inadequate to patrol the Mexican border, but in addition, he told the UN Commission on Narcotics recently, it is reported that between 20 and 30 secret landing strips for airplanes have been constructed in Mexico to handle the transport of narcotics to the U.S.

Discussing this and other aspects of Anslinger's task, United Press writer Lyle Wilson recently demanded, "Why has the Bureau of Narcotics been the forgotten agency of government? How come we will be spending in the next fiscal year 15 times as many dollars to control diseases of farm animals and poultry as we will spend on narcotics control?"

Perhaps the thing that would please Anslinger the most is a get-tough attitude toward the pushers, the degenerate men and women, usually addicts themselves, who market the stuff to school children. "Small penalties and what sometimes seems to be extreme solicitude on the part of the courts for the rights of criminals," he says, "are major contributing factors in the rise of drug addiction."

He favors the Boggs bill, which would fix the prison term of peddlers (now usually about 16 months) at two to five years the first time they are convicted, five to ten years the second time, and ten to 20 years the third time. Even more he likes the Dirksen bill, which would provide the death penalty for anyone convicted of selling drugs to teenagers, with the juries having power to recommend life sentence instead.

"After all," Anslinger says, "if we have the death penalty for kidnapers, who only steal children, why not the same punishment for dope peddlers, who destroy them?"

WHEN news of Lee's surrender reached the Capitol, a crowd surged to the White House, and began calling for the President.

Lincoln said, "My friends, you want a speech, but I cannot make one at this time. However, I see you have a band. There is one piece of music I have always liked. Heretofore, it has not seemed the proper thing to use it in the North; but now I declare it contraband of war and our lawful prize. I ask the band to play *Dixie*."

The crowd went wild. For the first time, *Dixie* was greeted with cheers from Union throats.

*Words of Lincoln*, edited by Osborn H. Oldroyd  
(Washington, D. C.: Mershon Press, 1895).

# The One House of the Holy Mother

*A modern martyr appraises the mystical thing for which he suffers*

By JOSEF CARDINAL MINDSZENTY

Condensed from a book\*

**T**HE BEST name for the Church is in my Hungarian mother tongue. I have found nothing so good in other languages. Whether it is a Hungarian shepherd, peasant or professor who is talking of the Church, he calls it *Anya-szent-egy-ház* (the one house of the Holy Mother). It is a profound expression which conveys a world of meaning.

In the 86th psalm the Church is Sion, the happy mother of the faithful. In Rome, in San Stefano Rotondo, on the gravestone of a Hungarian priest is an inscription. It reads, "Wanderer, here thou findest my grave, though I was born on the faraway banks of the Danube. Be not astonished: Rome is the mother of all."

Pope Leo XIII in his encyclical *Rerum No-*

*varum* called the Church a "mild mother full of love." The present pope, Pius XII, never tires of showing the Church as a mother to the people. The Church has a maternal vocation on earth. She must bring forth to a new life a world bleeding from a thousand wounds.

Her task is to take care that, after this earthly life, every man come—in her and through her—to the blessedness of heaven, that he go home to our Father in heaven Who has given us, on earth, the Church as mother.

Her cradle was in the Circus Maximus and in the Mamertine prison, between the living torches of Nero, in the catacombs, in blood and unshaken faith. Her youth was the first three centuries when the hand of the executioner grew weary



\*The Face of the Heavenly Mother. Copyright, 1951, by Philosophical Library, 15 E. 40th St., New York City. Reprinted with permission. 150 pp. \$3.

As primate of Hungary, Cardinal Mindszenty refused to compromise with the communists' move to control Catholic schools. He was sentenced to life imprisonment Feb. 8, 1949, for "treason." He is still in prison.

with the number of Christian victims. Gray Roman bishops, little heroes like Tarcisius, Roman matrons, tender maids like Agnes, officers of the *Legio Fulminatrix*—an uncounted multitude—all sealed with their blood their loyalty to this mother.

Her maternity was fruitful in the days of the barbarian invasions when whole nations moved to new homes, and found in the Church a true mother. Without the Church the Christian empire of the Middle Ages would never have existed. She was the mother of the new nations.

In the next centuries, the Age of Discovery, her motherhood was still alive. She would not exclude any people in the world. The missionaries wandered in the bloody tracks of the conquerors to lessen suffering and to preach true liberty. All five continents, all races, all languages have a right to a home in the Church. She stretches out her maternal arms to all.

She washes us clean in Baptism, clothes us in Christ as in the finest linen garment. If we have lost this garment, she gives it to us again in the sacrament of Penance, where

she washes us, and like a mother, irons our clothes, and makes us capable of resisting sin.

There are many ways for souls to meet their mother. One, enmeshed in sin, is converted by the sight of a pure soul at prayer. Another is touched to the heart by the goodness of a nursing Sister. The silent devotion of a wife finally calls the unbelieving husband home to God.

Others are led to the Church by the splendor of ritual. Artists and scholars have been won to the truth by their study of the wide-flung culture of the Church.

Art brought the blaspheming writer Huysmans, as also the painter Verhade, to the Church. Sickness and Gospel converted the French dramatist Coppée; the desire for purity, the Swedish novelist Strindberg; the singing of the *Magnificat* in Notre Dame at Paris, the poet Paul Claudel; the social teaching of the Church, the critic Paul Bourget; the silence of the monastery of Fiesole, the German shipowner Ballin.

The Church is not for a part of humanity. When I say *Church*, I say *cosmos*, *universum*, *all*. Or, to use a Greek loan word, I say *catholic*. That word means *general*, *universal*, *all-embracing*.

Some cling to this universality even when it has become an empty phrase or an historical memory. Even after the schism of the Greek Church in the year 1054, we still hear of the "Catholic Patriarch." The Anglican church, even though

fallen away from Rome, still wishes to be regarded as a branch of the Catholic Church, and the King of England still retains the title, now grown meaningless, *Defensor Fidei* (Defender of the Faith).

The teaching Church raises her voice in the chaos of the modern world. For her, there are no Greeks, Romans, or Jews; white, black, or red races; man or woman. All are children of one Father, brothers of the Son of God, sanctified in the hope of the Holy Spirit; all together the beloved children of the one Mother. "You are all one in Jesus Christ."

The Catholic Church does not confine herself to any one race and nation. She calls all races and nations into the Kingdom of God. It is profoundly moving that, precisely in these days when the nations are enflamed with a blind and destructive rage against each other and know only hate, the Church looms like a new Mount Ararat upon which the ark of peace can come to land.

The universality of the Church is particularly evident in the missions. Catholic nations compete in leading pagan peoples to the light of the Gospel. There are 915 Sisters working in the Institute of the Mother of God in Bangkok, Siam. They belong to nine different nationalities but are all united by the same love.

Though the Church is ancient, she is also eternally young. Herein

she reveals her blessed motherhood. In the place of the men and nations who have been separated from her, millions of newly baptized come to her in other parts of the world. She continually lives and renews her youth.

The Church is an idea of Jesus. He planned, built, protected, and adorned her. He worked at her like an artist. There are two signs by which the true Church may be recognized. Whenever a mission station is built, the Word of God, the Gospel, is preached at once; and a house, a tent, a tabernacle is built for the Lord. The miracle of the Church's eternal youth is thus explained. The Church is nothing else than Christ himself mystically dwelling among us. He is the unconquerable Force, the Victory, and the eternal Youth of the Church.

Where is the maternal heart of the Church most apparent? Where Peter is; for there is the Church. There her heart beats. The Pope is the living successor of Peter.

Rome is the heart of the world, a city of tears and blood, of abasements, faith, and triumph. Into the earth of the sinful but mighty city of the Caesars the catacombs were dug, and offered resting places to thousands until the triumph of the resurrection. Here in the early centuries beat the heart of *Roma Sotteranea*, underground Rome, apparently defeated, persecuted, but ever victorious, unconquerable. Above them, that blood-stained



stone giant, the Colosseum, towered to heaven, where it still stands, a 2,000-year-old lesson in the faith.

The Rome of the Caesars is gone. Rome as a political power is subject to ever renewed destruction. But there is an eternal Rome; God and Christ stand by her; she is the center of the Catholic world. Often misunderstood, often attacked, the true soul of Rome lives on. To her the nations raise their hands with blessing and yearning. Over the St. John's Lateran Basilica stands this inscription: *Omnium ecclesiarum urbis et orbis mater* (Mother of all the churches of the city and of the world).

No city in all the world is so closely involved with the history of Christendom. Of the 32 pre-Constantinian Popes, 30 died as martyrs and two in exile.

A garden of virgins and martyrs grew where Venus and Bacchus had been worshiped. The descendants of the harsh old Roman Scipios and Gracchi built hospitals, tended the sick.

This city is the magnet that draws thousands, yes millions, of pilgrims in jubilee years. At the first sight of the city, they fall on their knees and enter singing hymns. They rejoice in praying here, in feeling the pulse beat of the world Church, in being newly strengthened in a glowing love to Christ, who alone has made this city a wonder.

It is not the buildings that attract the pilgrims. Buildings, and more

gigantic ones, can be found elsewhere. The crowds are not filled with enthusiasm at the history of ancient Rome. Many of the pilgrims know little of pagan Rome.

The history of their native countries interests them much more. Nor is it the ancient religious ceremonies that account for the spell this city casts over so many people.

Only the man of faith guesses at the secret of this city. It is a city whose soul is steeped in Christ. Tell me, therefore, what you think of Christ, and I will tell you what you think of Rome.

I stood for a long time one autumn afternoon in the Cathedral at Milan and as mild sunlight shone upon them read the words of St. Ambrose inscribed in the cupola: *Ubi Petrus, ibi ecclesia! Ubi ecclesia, ibi vita aeterna!* (Where Peter is, there is the Church. Where the Church is, there is eternal life!)

A volcano of hate and calumny surrounds the Church. People will not understand that human failings cannot affect her divine heritage and mission. Senseless hate, calumny, and trials have been the reward of eternal affection.

How is this possible? What is the cause of the hate of the Church? Science? Who but the Church rocked the cradle of modern science? Who schooled the intellect of the young nations? Social progress? Where the Church has been pushed aside, has not "social progress" developed into frightful mod-



ern slavery? Freedom? Who stands for freedom today if not the Church, the last bastion of free humanity?

The Church is attacked in the most contradictory fashions. In the West, she was accused of scorning the material world. Buddhism and Occultism upbraid her for not scorning it. She is called weak and powerless, but in the next breath she is said to be bent on domination. It is said that she is dying, but a whole apparatus is then set up to tear her out of the lives of the people.

Thus the Church as the mystical Body of Christ has its share in the mystery of iniquity. This is the destiny of mothers. Love is not loved.

What dirt has been hurled against her, in speech and writing, during the past 2,000 years! Attempts were made to disfigure her in the eyes of the nations, in the eyes of souls. Did they succeed? After all the dirt has been hurled, her visage shines the more brightly. It has been washed clean in the blood of martyrs.

Her own children sometimes look on without taking action. The children of the world are wiser. Do-nothing Christians are the kind who are well satisfied that the Church take charge of the old and the ill. Yet she should not presume to play any part in public life. But the Church is no idle decoration concerned with unimportant matters. She is the "soul of a culture

The Hungarian communist government has ordered the closing of several Budapest churches.

One of them, the Regnum Marianum, was condemned to be razed. The pretext for the demolition was that space was required for a new avenue and a gigantic statue of Stalin.

Vatican sources report that the great Basilica of St. Stephen will be transformed into a library for communist youth.

Christian Democratic News Service (16 Nov. '51).

and the very heart of any nation."

In my eyes the Church is a mother from whose eyes quiet tears flow. A silent complaint is on her lips, a maternal rebuke to all families, peoples, nations, tongues, and races: "I have brought up children and exalted them, but they have despised me."

The Church is not something foreign, something outside you. She is, indeed, not something distinct from you.

The Church, I and you, are the Church in community with millions of brothers and sisters united under our Lord the Head.

The Church is not an external institution. She is a community of charity, a community of faith, a community of souls, yes more—a community of untold millions of baptized persons from all peoples, tongues, and nations which is the mystical Body of Christ.

# Flying Is for You

*You don't have to own a plane to have a lot of fun in the air*

By WOLFGANG LANGEWIESCHE

Condensed from a book\*

**F**LYING is for *you*. Get rid of the idea that flying is something only other people do. The law says every American has a right to use "the navigable air space" of the U. S. Of 100 civil airplanes in this country, about 99 are not airliners. About 66 of them are personally owned by people like you and me. One is owned by me.

For a while, it looked as if the age of the family airplane had really come. People bought planes by the tens of thousands. They bought them in department stores, downtown show rooms, even street-corner lots. They couldn't wait to buy, at \$2,500 to \$10,000 apiece. Many bought planes before they knew how to fly.

Something went wrong, suddenly. Manufacturers found their airports covered with unsold planes. The dealers had suddenly stopped flying them away.

Here is the bill of complaints against the small plane. You always get stuck with weather. If you try to fly in bad weather, it gets too dangerous. If you stay out of bad weather, you don't save time. You can't fly at night. You can't take enough luggage. Airports are too far from most cities, too dreary, have no restaurants. Flying is too expensive. In short, flying is not practical.

But somehow I still like my noisy little plane. And tens of thousands of people think as I do. Somehow



\*A Flyer's World. Copyright 1943, 1948, 1949, 1950, 1951, by the author, 1950 by the Curtis Publishing Co. Reprinted with permission of McGraw-Hill Co., 330 W. 42nd St., New York City 18. 278 pp. \$3.75.

they find the small plane practical and safe, not too expensive. They are not hard-bitten old-timers or rich playboys. They are traveling salesmen, career girls, doctors, farmers, middle-aged businessmen.

So, let's sort things out. You have to know more about flying than merely how to handle your plane. You have to learn all over for the air world, a lot of things you have always known in the ground world: what's dangerous and what's safe; what's good and what's bad; what probably happens when you do such-and-such. On the ground, you know all about passing on a hill; it's a trap. Well, the air, too, has its traps. For example, it's a hot, calm afternoon. The experienced pilot knows that hot, calm air makes a take-off hard. Better keep her light. The inexperienced pilot overloads her with luggage, gas, and family. He barely staggers out across the telephone wires, and he says, "Phew—never again!"

You have to train your eye. There is a superstition that a pilot needs perfect eyes. That is nonsense. Even the law finally recognized that, and they now let you wear glasses. A pilot needs eyes trained to see the things which matter in piloting. He can see an airport on a hazy day, where his passenger can't even see the town. He sees it not because he has better eyes, but experienced eyes.

You have to learn to read the map, fast, the way the trained ac-

countant scans a page of figures. Otherwise you pass over a town; before you spot it on the map it's out of sight and you can't check. You are not quite sure where you are, and you worry.

You have to train your ear. Most small airplanes carry a radio receiver; the radio-beam stations all over the country broadcast the flying weather every half hour or so. But at first, you can't understand what the man is saying; if you understand it, you don't know what to make of it. When he says, "Ceiling 900 feet, visibility four miles, light fog, light rain," what does that look like? What's it like to fly in?

It takes time to learn your way around in the air, *Time* with a capital *T*. Pilots reckon their experience in hours; each 1,000 hours is like another stripe on a Navy man's sleeve. Almost everybody can solo a plane after about eight hours of dual instruction. Many have soloed after two or three hours. You can get a private license in 35 hours. All you have to demonstrate is that you can handle an airplane right around the airport in good weather. But then you have to fly at least 100 hours, on your own, for the newness to wear off; it takes probably 500 hours to get the complete treatment. In that time, you meet at least once all the typical situations which you, in your plane, with your temperament, in your part of the country, are going to

meet. After that, you meet your problems with a pleasant sense of confidence. "Yes, yes, I know. This is like that time in Ohio." And it is only then that the airplane becomes the handy tool for living which so many people expected it to be right off.

It's a long apprenticeship. You pull the usual boners. You get lost once. The first time this happens in the air, it is just as terrifying as it is in the forest. That you can see for 10 miles all around makes no difference, if what you see is meaningless to you.

You land downwind once. You look down at a windsock, and carefully, deliberately, read it backwards. With the wind, instead of against it, your ship has suddenly become a space-devouring monster; the runway has shrunk.

You do a lot of things for the first time during those first 100 hours on your own. For example, your first night flight: small airplanes can be flown at night, of course. It is true, most airports are not lighted and are therefore useless. You need better weather at night; the weather is harder to judge; map reading is harder; people therefore don't make long night flights. But sooner or later you come home in the dark. The first time, it feels about like your first public speech.

But those of us who like flying like it because it takes skill, is full of angles, demands judgment. Flying is a sport. Even among the pro-

fessionals, military, commercial, test, and air-line pilots, that's true. If you find one who does not talk flying as others talk fishing, sailing, golf, you can bet he will have a desk job soon.

So fascinating is the art of maneuvering a plane that many private fliers are quite happy to do most of their flying right around their home field. I know a doctor, for example, who seldom does anything with his airplane but shoot landings. Silly? No sillier than golf, and not necessarily more expensive. It is somewhat like golf. You can make a hole-in-one. You can make a perfect landing, smooth, slow, short, with no runway wasted. (I made one once.) It keeps you trying.

How dangerous is all this? Statistics say that private flying is many times more dangerous than driving. But so is your medicine cabinet many times more dangerous than your icebox, if you can't tell a poison bottle from a harmless one. When you break the statistics down by kinds of flying, kinds of pilots, kinds of accidents, you find that flying, too, has its harmless stuff and its poison. Leave the poison alone.

Look at some of the poison. Showing off accounts for about a third of all fatal accidents in small planes, and for a lot of torn-up planes and personal injuries. The pilot circles low over his girl's house—and spins in. Well, don't.

When the little boy in you says, "Let's fly over and wave to Betty," you tell him, "Famous last words. Nix."

The second poison bottle is weather-pushing. A man pushes into unflyable weather and finally cracks up in a hasty emergency landing; or he flies into a hillside; or dives out of a cloud.

When a man gets caught in bad weather, it is his own fault. Almost always, he has pushed on despite warnings, and has passed up plenty of chances to land, turn back, or go around. Besides, his earphones have told him in plain English several times an hour what was ahead.

Flight instruction under an experienced instructor is just plain safe, even if you are up alone and he is on the ground. Practically nobody has ever been hurt on his first solo. Also safe is the flying done by the man over 40 who is a business executive, lawyer or doctor. Perhaps the boys snicker when he lands, because he uses two-thirds of the runway while they can do it on one-third. Perhaps he never goes anywhere. Perhaps, in fact, he soon quits. But the one thing he almost never does, statistically speaking, is kill himself.

"The biggest risk in flying is starvation," is an airport saying. Like most good things, planes cost too much. And it isn't the first cost, it's the upkeep.

Here are two rules of thumb about the cost of flying. 1. To own

an airplane and fly it enough to make it worth owning costs each year two-thirds of the airplane's price, new. 2. An airplane costs \$2 for each gallon of gas it burns. (The airplanes we are mostly talking about cost from \$2,000 to \$4,000, though some go up to \$10,000. They burn from four and a half to 12 gallons an hour.) Neither rule is too good; more exact statements are possible, but would have to take into account what, where, and how much you fly. At any rate, flying is quite a drain on the budget.

But people say that planes get about 20 miles per gallon; gas costs only a few cents more than automobile gas; a plane has almost no moving parts except for the engine. What's so expensive? Well, an engine overhaul every 750 hours; a plane check every 100 hours; one thorough inspection and relicensing once a year; the usual jobs of adjusting brakes, fixing the radio, smoothing out the propeller when a pebble has hit it.

But what really gets you is the fixed cost that goes on whether you fly or not; especially insurance and hangar rent. Hangar depends on size and price of the plane. Near large cities, a hangar costs from \$50 a month up. (You pay, of course, not only for actual hangar use, but also for use of runways). In small towns, a hangar is much cheaper; it is free on the farm. That is why farmers get along so well with airplanes.

The costs of keeping an airplane are of course almost the same whether you buy it new or second-hand. While you lose less by depreciation with a used plane, you may have more mechanical work, and you come closer to that major overhaul on the engine. Hence another rule of thumb: if you can't afford to buy it new, you can't afford to run it; get something smaller. Many people were badly stung buying \$35,000 war-surplus airplanes for \$3,500. The maintenance was still on the \$35,000 scale.

There is a way out. Don't own a plane; rent one. Actually, the rented plane is the normal thing in private flying, always has been. Of the quarter million Americans who hold private licenses, most fly this way.

They phone Joe out at the airport. "How about flying the Cessna at about 10, for about an hour?" "Sure," says Joe. Because that's his business; he's an "operator." More than half of all small planes are owned by operators. An operator, in air language, is a man who runs a flying service. A flying service is a flying school, plus plane sales and service, charter service, and fly-yourself service, all rolled into one hangar and a little office. There is at least one operator at practically every airport. He is the man to see.

It's his airplane you learn to fly. It's he, or his hired instructor, who gives you your license test, as deputy inspector for the government. You can happily keep flying on

rented planes, year after year. In fact, it has its advantages along with obvious disadvantages.

You see, you can rent for a given trip a fast, expensive airplane that you could not afford to own. There's a \$10,000 plane that carries four at 170 mph; you can rent it for about \$20 an hour. That's cheap transportation. Rental rates are from \$6 to \$20 an hour, depending on speed and size of ship. A 100-mph two-seat plane rents at \$8.

You pay only for the hours actually flown; three hours' flying usually permit you to keep the ship away from base 24 hours. That's nice traveling for you and your wife. After the trip, you are rid of the plane and all further expenses. You see here from another angle the same old fact: a plane is cheap while it flies. It is expensive when it stands around.

Another good thing about the rented plane is its owner. When he rents it, he bets his money on your piloting. Therefore, he watches your technique, checks into your plans, worries about your weather. He acts as check pilot, dispatcher, Dutch uncle, and chief pilot. That makes your flying much safer, especially for those first 200 hours or so when you are still only building up your own judgment.

There's one big catch to the small airplane as transportation. You fly only "weather permitting." Many persons think that radio and radar have just about licked the weather

in flying. Not so, even for the air lines. For the private flier, most such devices are in any case too heavy, much too expensive and too hard to use.

In parts of the Southwest, you can practically always fly; in parts of the Northeast, during winter, it gets mighty sticky. But say you planned, now, 100 hops to be made throughout the next year, throughout the country. Well, you would probably make 90 of them as planned. On five, you might be delayed by half a day; three times you might lose a full day. Twice, perhaps, you really get stuck.

A plane's speed is, of course, built into it. You can't hurry, and you can't dawdle much. You set your throttle for cruising, and wait. Expensive small planes cruise up to 170 mph, but that's why they are expensive. Planes are unlike automobiles in this respect, too: speed costs extra, and so does seating capacity. The typical private plane cruises at 100 mph, more or less.

That's not so slow as it sounds. Put into a cross-country race against a car, a 100-mph plane beats the car about three to one, certainly in the slow-driving East. You have no traffic jams, no speed limits, and you go straight: the air distance is generally about 20% less than the road distance. Flying is more fatiguing, however, than driving, mostly because of the noise. (They are licking the noise problem, very slowly.) So you stop sooner. If you

drive 400 miles a day, you fly 800.

Raced against a train, the 100-mph plane gets far ahead during the day; at night the train catches up again. The air lines, of course, beat you easily, except where the air-line trip involves changes and waits.

But the air lines don't go everywhere; neither do the fast trains. And they are not private. The airplane is the fastest private transportation anywhere.

Here comes another catch, though. Most airports are far from town. People don't actually mind, it seems, getting stuck once in a while. What takes the steam out of you is when you make a good trip, and the ground delays cancel all the gains.

You can easily see how this works against the man who lives in many a big city. He has to pay \$600 to \$1000 a year hangar rent in the first place—and then his airplane is still inaccessible. By the time the big-city man gets to his plane, say on a Friday afternoon, the small-towner has already flown 200 miles. When the big-city man has an impulse to fly, the thought of the trip to the airport kills it. The farmer is sitting pretty. His airplane is right outside his door.

On long trips, this problem washes out, just as the weather delays wash out. You go from coast to coast in four days, even in a 100-mph ship; much faster, of course, in the fancy stuff.



# Our Anthem, Born in Battle

*Francis Scott Key conceived "The Star-Spangled Banner" as he prayed that Fort McHenry would hold out*

By JOHN HENRY LYONS

Condensed from a book\*

**I**T WAS the summer of 1814. Through more than two years a war had been raging between the new United States of America and England, the mother country.

The city of Washington had been under attack. The new Capitol had been burned to the ground. Other buildings had been blazing for days. Even the President's home had been set on fire. But fortunately the fire had been put out in time. The walls were easily repaired, and a heavy coat of white paint soon covered the damage. Ever since, it has been known as the White House.

By September, the British were moving against Baltimore. First they had to destroy Fort McHenry, which guarded the city. To accomplish this the largest and strongest ships in their fleet sailed up Chesapeake bay and anchored

in a position to command the fort.

Aboard the admiral's flagship was a distinguished prisoner of war, Dr. William Beanes, a physician from the town of Upper Marlborough, Md. He had been captured, and his friends feared for his safety. One of them, Francis Scott Key, a young Baltimore lawyer, planned to rescue the doctor. On Sept. 13, 1814, armed with official papers from President Madison, Key set out with another friend, John Skinner, to undertake the dangerous mission.



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In a small government boat, under a flag of truce, the two rowed across Chesapeake bay to the admiral's ship. They were courteously received, and allowed on board. Key's official papers stated that the doctor was not a soldier, but a private citizen, and therefore should be released. Also in Dr. Beanes' favor was his once having entertained British officers of the flag-ship, at his home. He also had skillfully treated their wounded comrades.

The admiral agreed to release Dr. Beanes. But the fleet was then about to fire on Fort McHenry with all guns. The admiral felt sure of speedy victory. But if Key's party were released they could still warn those defending the fort. The admiral told the men that they could not go ashore until Fort McHenry had been taken and destroyed. The Americans were permitted to return to their own boat, but they had to give their word not to attempt to go ashore.

Key, as a volunteer soldier, must have been unhappy on the sidelines during an important battle. His worry was the greater because his brother-in-law, Judge Joseph Hopper Nicholson, commanded Fort McHenry. Key knew how small his force was.

Key and his companions could see our flag over Fort McHenry. All day they watched it streaming in the breeze. The enemy had told them to look well at the flag at sun-

set, for they would not see it in the morning.

The firing began. All night Francis Scott Key heard the loud booming of the guns on the ships and the answering cannon from the fort. Neither he nor his companions slept that night. The minutes seemed like hours, and the hours seemed like days as they peered anxiously through the darkness. Whenever a rocket burst high, or a bombshell exploded, the glare revealed the flag still flying over Fort McHenry. Would it be there in the morning? Could the gallant defenders hold out?

During the night the firing stopped, only to begin again. Then, after a few hours, the British fire suddenly ceased. Those were trying moments. The watchers knew that while the firing continued, the fort was holding its own. What had happened? No more flashes revealed the fort or shore. Even with field glasses, Key could see nothing. The rest of the night dragged on. And as the first faint gray light began to show in the east, a blanket of fog still hid the shore.

At last the fog lifted. And through the smoke and haze the watchers saw that "the flag was still there." The Star-Spangled Banner was floating triumphantly in the breeze. The British attack had failed.

In his wild joy Mr. Key cried out the words that had come to him so often in the night, "Oh, say, can

you see?" Quickly pulling an old envelope out of his pocket, he wrote them down. As the British ships left Chesapeake bay he continued to write the opening verse. Key, Skinner, and Dr. Beanes could now return to shore. On the way back, Dr. Beanes and Skinner manned the boat, while Key finished the remaining stanzas. That night at his hotel he wrote out a clear copy of the verses as they stand today.

The next day he showed his poem to his brother-in-law, Judge Nicholson, who had been in charge of the fort. Good Judge Nicholson rushed to a printer and had copies run off at once. These handbills, with the title, *Bombardment of Fort McHenry*, were distributed throughout the city. The stirring words fitted a stirring tune. Judge Nicholson saw at once that they could be sung to a drinking song then popular. Probably the rhythm had been in Key's mind while he was writing the verses.

That night, in a Baltimore tavern next to the Holliday St. theater, Ferdinand Durang, an actor, stood on a chair and sang the new song. The audience went wild. In a few days the poem was printed in the newspaper, the *Baltimore American*, with the directions that it be sung to the tune of *To Anacreon in Heaven*. (The melody had come

### ***The Third Verse***

*O thus be it ever when freemen shall stand*

*Between their loved homes and the war's desolation!*

*Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n rescued land*

*Praise the Pow'r that hath made and preserved us a nation.*

*Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,*

*And this be our motto: "In God is our trust."*

*And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave*

*O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!*

from England. A song to honor the Greek lyric poet Anacreon, it was probably written by John Stafford Smith, composer to the Chapel Royal in London, about 1775.) Soon all Baltimore was reading the poem and singing the song.

Before long, people all over that part of the country were singing it. Other states heard it. In less than a week it reached New Orleans: quite a record in days before coast-to-coast radio. Before many months, all America was singing it.

Francis Scott Key was 34 when he wrote his famous song. He wrote other poems, but none so grand as *The Star-Spangled Banner*. But though he wrote it on Sept. 14, 1814, it was not until March 3, 1931, 117 years later, that a law made *The Star-Spangled Banner*

our undisputed national anthem.

In permanent tribute to Francis Scott Key, the American flag is always kept flying over his grave at Frederick, Md.

The Star-Spangled Banner that Francis Scott Key saw that memorable night was different from the one we know. It had 15 stars and 15 stripes for the 15 states then in the Union.

The actual flag which inspired Key may still be seen at our national museum in Washington. It

was made by Mrs. Mary Young Pickersgill and her two nieces, in a house still standing on Albemarle St., Baltimore. The flag is large, 33 feet long and 27 feet wide. Eleven holes are in it from British shots—a big one in the center from a British bombshell. A large section in one corner is missing, because one soldier who helped defend the fort begged, as his dying request, that his body be wrapped in a piece of his beloved Star-Spangled Banner.

## Lincoln Speaks

### *Bigotry the Seed . . . . . of Destruction*



I am not a Know-Nothing; that is certain . . .

Our progress in degeneracy appears to me to be pretty rapid. As a nation we began by declaring that "all men are created equal." We now practically read it "all men are created equal, except Negroes." When the Know-Nothings get control, it will read "all men are created equal, except Negroes and foreigners and Catholics."

When it comes to this, I shall prefer emigrating to some country where they make no pretense of loving liberty—to Russia, for instance, where despotism can be taken pure, without the base alloy of hypocrisy.

Abraham Lincoln in a letter to Joshua F. Speed (24 Aug. 1855).

Shall we expect a transatlantic military giant to crush us at a single blow?

Never! All the armies of Europe, Asia, and Africa combined with all the treasure of the earth (our own excepted) in their military chest, with a Bonaparte for a commander, could not by force take a drink from the Ohio or make a track on the Blue Ridge in a trial of 1,000 years. At what point then is the approach of danger to be expected? I answer, If it ever reach us it must spring up amongst us; it cannot come from abroad.

If destruction be our lot, we must ourselves be its author and finisher. As a nation of freemen we must live through all times or die by suicide.

Lincoln in a speech before the Young Men's Lyceum, Springfield, Ill. (Jan. 1837).



## You and the Shrinking Dollar

*Are your savings too safe? These days you must diversify*

Condensed from *Changing Times\**

**T**HERE was a time when your biggest money problem was how to save. Once you got a few dollars stashed away, you didn't worry about whether they would keep. When you wanted them, they were there, worth 100 cents apiece, and maybe a little more, because of the interest.

Today, that is all changed. When you put a dollar in a bank, bond, or insurance policy, you don't know how much it will buy when you take it back. The dollars you stored away ten years ago have dwindled to 60¢; those you saved five years ago, to 82¢. Even the ones you cached last winter are already worth less than 96¢. It is no longer enough just to save. Even after you've got the elusive greenback trapped, you still have to worry about keeping it alive.

The basic way to combat this creeping inflation is, of course, to put your money into something that will increase in value as the dollar declines. Stocks and real estate are among investments gener-

ally thought to be inflation resistant. They have been so for 10 or 15 years. Their prices as a whole have risen enough to offset the decline of the dollar.

But aren't such investments risky? Can't the stock market tumble or the value of a house go down, even though the general price level goes up? Yes, of course. Such investments are risky. But today, owning dollars is risky, too, no matter where they are kept. Instead of having the old choice between safety and risk, you now have a choice between risks. The prudent person will compromise—spread the risk so as to be prepared not only for depression but, more important, for continuing inflation, too. And that means: diversify. The idea that the young, not-wealthy family should put even a part of its money anywhere except in so-called “safe” investments will shock those brought up on the old-fashioned theories of thrift. Nevertheless, there are many good arguments for diversification. For one

thing, it is now riskier than it used to be to own dollars, or the equivalent. There is less risk in owning stocks or in going out on a limb to finance a house.

Twenty-five years ago there was no FHA to guarantee mortgages, no SEC to watch the stocks, no Social Security or unemployment compensation helped families over rough times. Those stabilizing influences permit wider diversification with less danger.

Compare the money program of a prudent young man of 25 years ago with that of such a young man today. The goals are the same. 1. Every man wants protection against temporary loss of his job and emergencies. 2. He wants his family to have a continuing income in case of his premature death. 3. He wants a house. 4. And he wants a nest egg on which to retire free from worry in later years.

The prudent young man of yesterday generally started out with a savings account. The idea was to have one large enough to keep him going for six months if his regular income stopped. At the same time, he bought enough life insurance to protect his family.

Then as soon as possible he bought a house. He borrowed if necessary. But his goal was to own the house clear. In the old days neighbors looked down their noses at a family whose home was heavily mortgaged. Most families would never think of making in-

vestments until their home was clear.

After the family had saved for years and had its cash-reserve fund in the bank, its life insurance and its debt-free home, it might begin making other investments on a modest scale. These ventures were often in local enterprises. The husband might buy into the company where he worked, or he might save enough capital to go into business for himself. Or he might buy bonds or an annuity.

Today a young man is not really prudent unless he manages his money with a weather eye on inflation. That means putting a portion of your money into stocks, real estate or other investments that will rise along with prices.

The prudent man is still in danger of losing his job and his income, perhaps for a period of several months. So you want a reserve fund to live on for six months without your regular income.

Today, however, you can probably get that protection without needing half a year's pay. The reason is that if you have unemployment insurance and lose your job, unemployment compensation, in most states, will pay you around \$30 a week if your pay is over \$3,000.

Suppose your take-home pay is \$5,000. You figure that if you lose your job, you will need \$2,500 to live on for six months. In the average state you can count on \$30 a

week for 26 weeks, or \$780, from your state government. You can therefore cut your rainy-day fund from \$2,500 to \$1,720. Moreover, today the chances are that if you lose your job, you can count on some severance pay.

Now as to your life insurance. Twenty-five years ago a young man might have been justified in using his insurance both as protection and as a major method of saving. By paying in more than was required for permanent protection alone, he built up the cash value of the policy.

But today inflation erodes that cash value. So the more premium money you invest in protection and the less you rely on insurance as a means of saving, the better off you are. That means steering clear of the more expensive limited pay or endowment policies.

Furthermore, you do not have to carry the whole burden of insurance protection, as you did before the Social Security act was passed. Assume that you are covered by it, that you and your wife are aged 30, and that you have two children aged two and four. If you earn \$3,600 a year or more, your coverage by the current Social-Security program is the rough equivalent of \$22,500 of ordinary life insurance or a \$15,000 family-income policy (combination of ordinary life and term).

How about a house? It is a good investment from almost every an-

gle. It is safe, it is usable, and it is a hedge against inflation. The value of the average house has gone up faster than the value of the dollar has declined.

Today almost anyone can get a mortgage that is amortized over 20 years. Interest rates under FHA and VA loans are less than 5%. There is not so much reason for paying off the mortgage in preference to making other investments. A mortgaged house is also a better inflation hedge than one free of debt. No matter how large the mortgage, the owner gets the full advantage of any increase in the total price. The smaller your equity, the greater the percentage of profit on your cash investment.

Say your house is worth \$18,000 and there is a \$14,000 mortgage. Your equity is \$4,000. If inflation sends the value of the house to \$20,000 you have a paper profit of 50%. Had you owned the house outright, your paper profit would have been only 11%. Moreover, given continuing inflation, you will be paying off your mortgage in progressively cheaper dollars.

In other words, buying a house on a shoestring may be a good way to counteract inflation. The danger is, of course, you may not be able to keep up payments in time of emergency. But your emergency fund is designed to take care of payments for six months. And you can't be 100% safe no matter what you do.

Not owning your home outright and having a sizable mortgage has advantages in days when people move so frequently. It is often easier to sell a house already mortgaged. A buyer can avoid the trouble and delay of getting a new one.

If you aren't sure whether you can afford to own a house, here is your rough rule. Landlords generally figure they must get 10% to 12% annual rent to make a 6% profit. Four to 6% goes for amortization, repairs, interest, and taxes. A homeowner usually spends more on upkeep and improvements than a landlord—about 8% per year of the market value of the house. In renting a \$15,000 house for much less than \$1,200 a year, or \$100 a month, you save money. Of course, in renting, you lose the inflation-resisting quality of ownership.

Where does today's young man stand when compared with his earlier counterpart? By judicious juggling, you of 1952 have fewer investments payable in dollars (cash emergency fund, cash value of insurance policies). But you have more of a hedge against inflation (small equity in a large house or land).

The question then arises: what do you do with surplus savings? You continue to diversify.

In an investment plan that is both simple and effective, you put roughly half your surplus savings into "dollar investments"—savings

bonds, savings-and-loan association, or high-cash-value insurance policies. The other half goes into stocks or more real estate.

You can buy the bonds by payroll deductions, or regular deposits in a savings-and-loan association. Buying stock regularly in small amounts is a bit more difficult, but it can be done. One way is to open a separate checking account and make regular deposits. When your balance reaches, say, \$500, buy as many even shares as that amount will cover. Another way is to use a periodic purchase plan offered by investment trusts. The investor makes regular payments to a designated bank, which buys for him.

Putting a fixed number of dollars at regular intervals into stocks, as distinct from buying a fixed number of shares, is known as dollar-cost averaging. The big advantage is that it takes a lot of the guesswork out of investing. By its very nature the plan forces the user to buy more shares of stock when the market is low and fewer when it is high. Of course, to get the advantages of dollar averaging, the user must keep going. If you get scared and stop when the market goes down, all you are doing is making sure that you buy only when stocks are high.

By diversifying, you have guarded yourself against most of the traditional hazards. In addition, you have done something to protect yourself against inflation.





## Springfield Fights for Morality in Business

*One man, then another, and soon a city was fighting chiselers*

By LELAND D. CASE

Condensed from the *Rotarian*\*

**F**RED NATION is an ordinary man, and will tell you so. He's a wholesale oil man in Springfield, Mo.

Yet Fred is different. He has a talent for sustained ire. "I still have a slow burn," he will admit, "about something that happened back in the war year, 1944. A chap who didn't need them bought a full set of tires in an under-the-counter deal, then hoarded them in his basement."

Fred recalls other occasions for anger. A customer approached a new car in a salesroom. He offered the dealer the list price, and the latter grinned amiably.

"Sorry," he mumbled, "but a fellow just in here offered me \$500 more. Of course, I—"

The customer pulled out his checkbook. "I need it that bad too," he said. He got it.

The car dealer later bragged about his salesmanship. His friend laughed and thought him clever.

But Fred didn't laugh. "Why can't we make it smart to be honest?" Fred asked himself.

A young lawyer in Springfield had the same question. When gray markets were in the news, Wallace Walter spoke up at a Rotary directors' meeting. He suggested that Rotarians take a pledge not to chisel. The vote was Yes. And the job of writing a pledge went to Fred Nation.

Fred welcomed it. Driving along winding Ozark roads, he searched for the right words. Wallace Walter polished them off with a few legal whereases. And a document was spread before the Rotary club board.

"It's OK," one member said, "but we're not the only so-called business leaders in Springfield. Let's open this up to others."

"Good!" agreed another. "Also, let's publish it as a full-page ad in the *News & Leader*."

The project came before the



Springfield civic club council representing 11 local organizations. Nine endorsed it. The remaining two would have, had there been time for a vote.

Newspaper headlines were then screaming about "the bedsheet run," reminiscent of a previous "nylon run." Other scandals might follow.

Several persons helped rewrite the original draft. A Presbyterian clergyman added the final touch, the verse from Titus 2:15, "Let no man despise thee." The full page appeared in the *News & Leader* March 11, 1950. There was a cartoon, too. It showed a paunchy black marketeer about to lure two patrons into breaking the Office of Price Stabilization rules.

Rotarian C. W. Johnson wrote an editorial. Speaking of wartime chisellers, he reminded readers that "we winked at their vicious, traitorous activities. We were willing to slip the grocer a bit of extra money for meat and sugar when we didn't have ration stamps." He said the pledge by 1,000 leading Springfieldians was a good first step toward seeing that history would not repeat itself.

What happened in Springfield alerted an Associated Press columnist. He told coast-to-coast readers. Soon other communities drew a bead on the vultures. One Texas city paraded floats proclaiming "Piggism ain't Americanism," and "Don't overbuy while Americans die." "A Prayer of a Soldier in Ko-

There are not two standards of morality. There is only one. It is God's standard. That single standard covers all man's relations to God, to himself, and to the world about him. It applies to every conceivable situation in life—in the home, in business, in the school, or in the field of entertainment.

By its very nature, it precludes that double standard which not only tempts man to live his life on two levels, but beguiles him into thinking that this can be done without any compromise of moral principles. This two-faced way of living explains the scandalous anomaly, evident at times in our national life, of paying lip service to God while failing completely to honor His claims in daily life.

*Letter of U. S. Catholic bishops.  
(17 Nov. '51).*

rea," appeared, "O mighty Lord, don't let the hoarders get to the bullets and the plasma over here as they are to the tires, sugar, nylons, and other items back home."

Fred Nation showed the ad to a field man for the OPS. He sent a tearsheet to his chief in Kansas City.

The sun rose and set as usual March 11. Springfieldians wrote 15 or 20 letters to the editor. They listened to radio comments. They chatted about the pledge in their

The Romans do not trouble about the moral decline of the empire. All that they ask is that it should be prosperous and secure. "What concerns us," they say, "is that everyone should be able to increase his wealth so that he can afford a lavish expenditure and can keep the weak in subjection. Let the laws protect the rights of property and let them leave man's morals alone.

"Let there be sumptuous banquets where anyone can play and drink and gorge himself and be dissipated by day or night as much as he pleases or is able. Let the noise of dancing be everywhere and let the theaters resound with lewd merriment. Let the man who dislikes these pleasures be regarded as a public enemy."

*St. Augustine, The City of God,  
Book II, 20.*

homes, in their shops, and as they strolled during mild evenings along their streets. The people were impressed—but not shaken.

Examples of a change in heart are hard to find. One young man, however, denied himself a new car. He didn't need it, but intended to buy one to hold for a profit. It's one of the few "specific results" I could pin down.

"But that's the way we wanted it to work out," the Chamber of Commerce secretary explained.

"People don't go around boasting that they meant to be sinners."

"Yes, we think the \$500 the ad cost was well spent," Wallace Walter told me. "Just to have 1,000 of the city's most respected citizens take a stand like this has helped firm up the moral fiber of the community.

"Our underlying idea is moral suasion," Walter said. "Coercion is for the government. We told the public what we intend to do. Some OPS regulations are difficult to follow, even for intelligent and sincere men, and certain ones may not seem necessary. But the men backing this pledge have served notice to their neighbors that they intend to abide by the rules."

George Hunter, theater man, nodded in agreement. He had been county ration-board chairman in near-by central Illinois.

"Regulations cannot be enforced even by an army," he declared, "unless the public understands the need for them and cooperates."

"Suppose some of the fellows who have taken the pledge are cooling off after a golf game," commented Fred Nation. "One tells how he just put something over on OPS. I'd say our work and money were well spent if just one of his buddies, instead of laughing in an approving way, would say, 'Bill, that's not so funny and not too smart! You signed up *not* to do that sort of thing!' See what I mean?"

# Toys for the Borrowing

*The magic bank where children learn the value of their word*

By BILL WEBER

Condensed from *Woman's Day*\*



**S**TORES in Los Angeles' Manchester district were being plagued by a wave of petty thievery. Strangely enough, the only items stolen were large spools of thread. Store managers were unable to discover the thieves. Even more puzzling was the motive.

The story was finally unraveled by officers of the Los Angeles County Probation department. It was simply that the large wooden spools made very fine toy-wagon wheels. The culprits, of course, were children, whose parents were unable to buy even the simplest toys. That was in 1934.

Today in Los Angeles county no child need be without toys. Forty toy libraries lend 80,000 toys monthly, free. Nearly 40,000 children are listed as regular borrowers. The project is sponsored by the County Probation department. Total operating costs come to less than \$30,000 a year.

Children borrow toys on the same principle as people borrow books from public libraries. But here

the similarity ends. For the young borrowers are not subject to fines for a late return; nor are they required to replace broken or lost toys. More important is the development of desirable character traits. The child is made responsible for returning a toy in good condition at the specified time.

This policy has worked out well, even in the case of one toyarian of a newly opened library who, for a time, considered herself a failure. Most of her hitherto reliable borrowers suddenly failed to return their toys. School had closed for the summer, and toys and children had vanished. When school resumed in the fall, one by one the toys were returned, all in excellent condition.

The children, whose parents were migratory fruit pickers, had carried their treasures with them throughout their travels. By special arrangement, these youngsters are now permitted to borrow toys for the summer.

Toys are free to children between

the ages of two and 14. The child takes out the object of his choice for one week. If it is returned in satisfactory condition, and on time, an *S* is marked on his card. After receiving 20 *S*'s, he is made an Hon- or Borrower and is presented with a toy to keep. He is now eligible to borrow larger toys, such as tri- cycles, skates, scooters, wagons, and sidewalk autos.

If a borrower reports a toy lost, or returns one late or broken, he receives a *U* (unsatisfactory) on his card. In such cases, the toyrarian's work goes far beyond the lending of toys. Sympathetically, and with a knowledge of child psychology, she must be able to understand the situation.

A child is never accused of break- ing or losing a toy, nor is he pun- ished. "A row of *U*'s on a card means the toyrarian is at fault, not the child," observed Mrs. Margaret Fling, director of Toy Loan cen- ters, at one of the monthly meetings of toyrarians. "A child wants to be believed. Always give him the ben- efit of the doubt. Never shame him. That he is dishonest may reveal troubled home conditions. If he is afraid of you, you will never gain his confidence."

The sternest disciplinary measure is denial of borrowing privileges for one week. During this time, however, the child is encouraged to play in the library under the watch- ful eye of the toyrarian. Then he is asked if he would like to make an-

other try at borrowing some things.

To keep the children's interest alive, newly repaired toys are deliv- ered to branches every two weeks. Broken ones are sent to the central workshop for repair.

How can all this be done on an annual budget of less than \$30,000?

First of all, no toys are bought. They are donated, secondhand, by civic groups, individuals, and stores. Largest source of supply is an an- nual public-school drive sponsored by the Parent-Teacher association.

Nearly 10,000 toys are repaired every month. If a toy is damaged beyond repair, wheels, parts, nuts, bolts—and arms, legs, heads, and eyes, in the case of dolls—are sal- vaged for future use.

Toyshop personnel are recruited from disabled or aged men and wo- men on county-welfare rolls. Side by side at benches, may be found a former juvenile actor from the early days of motion pictures, a cook, truck driver, tentmaker, carpenter, Pullman porter, and unskilled la- borer. The workers receive no com- pensation. Their work is a labor of love.

Instructors give training in doll repair, welding, woodworking, and painting. After learning new skills, many of these men and wo- men return to jobs in private in- dustry. Thus the toys not only bring magic into the lives of chil- dren; they also serve in the physi- cal and spiritual rehabilitation of adults.



Father J. Edmund McClear tolls the church bells whenever a parishioner dies.

## Padre Mac and His Indians

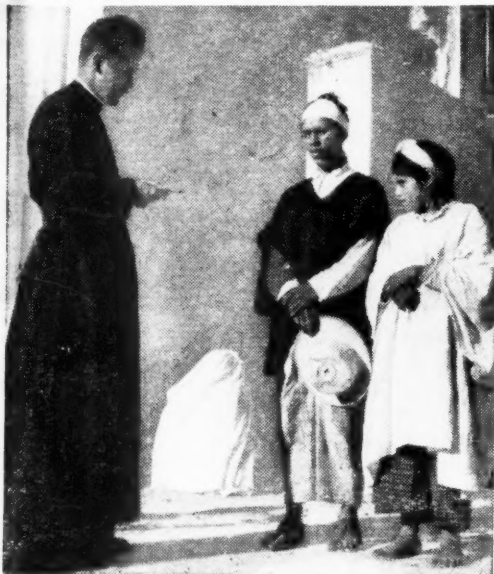
*His typical Sunday morning in Guatemala includes two Masses, 12 Baptisms, 16 First Communions, 25 teeth pulled, and 45 sick Indians attended to.*



**Padre Mac baptizes as many as 350 Indian babies a day. His mission is at San Pedro Soloma, in the highlands of Guatemala, Central America.**

**Soloma (below) is on a high plateau. Mountains surround the village, which has only a few hundred inhabitants.**

**Gaspar and Catarina present certificates of birth to Father Mac. The sandals worn by Gaspar are a luxury in this area.**





FATHER J. EDMUND McCLEAR lives in San Pedro Soloma, in the province of Huehuetenango, Guatemala. This is in the remote interior highlands.

The barren mountains which surround the village reach heights of over 11,000 feet. Soloma has a population of but a few hundred persons, but it is the center for 50,000. Most are descendants of the ancient Mayans. They speak the old Mayan

language. Visitors, tourists, or government officials never come to Soloma, and Father Mac's nearest American neighbor is 15 hours away. He is another missionary.

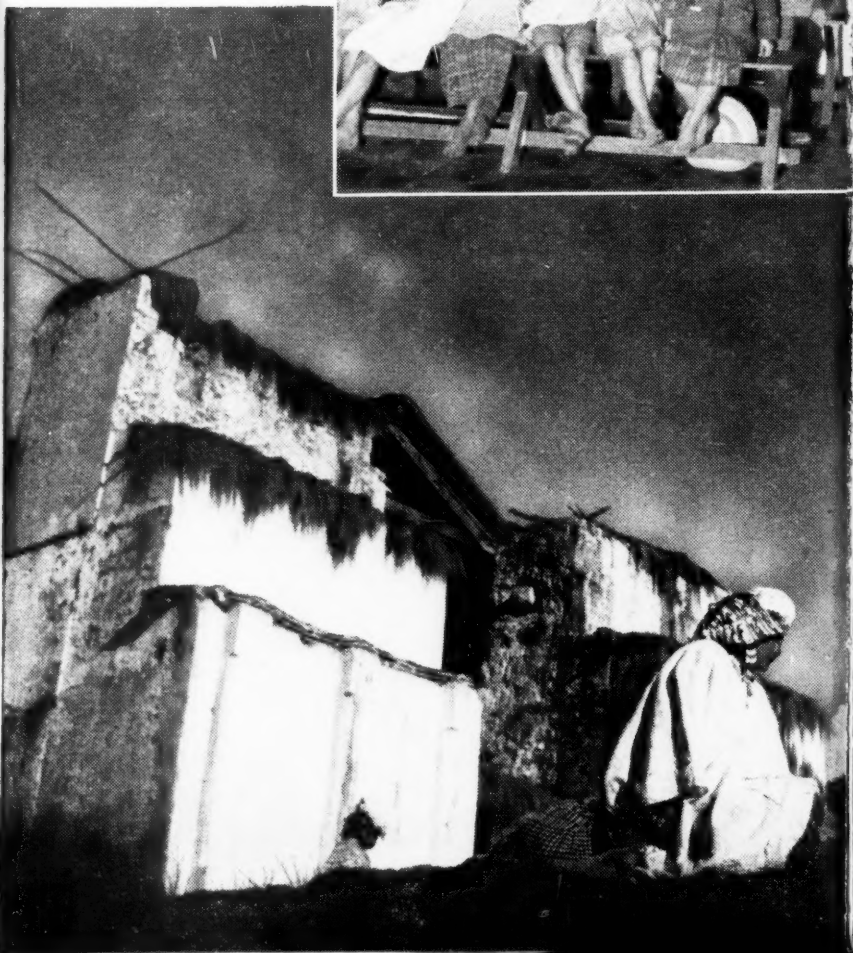
Padre Mac is one of a dozen men sent to Guatemala by the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of Maryknoll, N.Y. Guatemala is a Catholic country with a population of 3 million people, but it has only 125 priests for this large number.



**An Indian girl with pigtails (right) teaches catechism in the Padre's community room.**



**The church (below) lost its steeple and part of the roof in a Guatemalan quake.**





FATHER McCLEAR's duties range from the spiritual to the most practical. He baptizes persons of all ages and often marries even those who are grandparents.

Once his sermons are over, Padre Mac discusses not only spiritual matters, but such subjects as crop diversification and fertilizers.

A typical Sunday-morning schedule includes two Masses, 12 Baptisms, 16 First Communions, 25 teeth pulled, and 45 sick Indians attended to. Since his arrival in October, 1946, Father Mac has taken care of more than 10,000 sick persons.

Twelve-hour horseback rides, as in the cover picture, are common.



Many Indians when they are at worship retain ancient habits of posture. In front of this couple are the usual offerings of candles and flowers.





**Father McClear sows one of 15 kinds of wheat, some of which he hopes to introduce to supplement the native diet, now mainly corn and beans.**

**F**ATHER MCCLEAR comes from Royal Oak, Mich. He was a district manager for a publishing company, but became a missionary because "the work abroad is so vast, and the laborers are so few."

The demands upon him are much more varied than he had supposed. His medical knowledge is elementary, but it is all that is available to his 50,000 wards.

Much of the sickness is due to malnutrition. The Indians live mostly on corn and during a bad year many starve. Father Mac is trying to encourage the growth of a more varied diet, such as wheat, vegetables, fruits, soya, and dairy products.

One native ailment is *susto*, a mixture of shock, nervous breakdown, and the blues. Padre Mac's remedy for this is colored aspirin pills, pink, green, and brown, and elaborate instructions. More serious illnesses are common.

Pagan beliefs persist. Native medicine men say they can make their enemies vomit rats. The medicine men have a cave in the near-by village of Santa Eulalia. It is filled with idols, and the story is that no one but the medicine men dare go into the cave and come out alive.

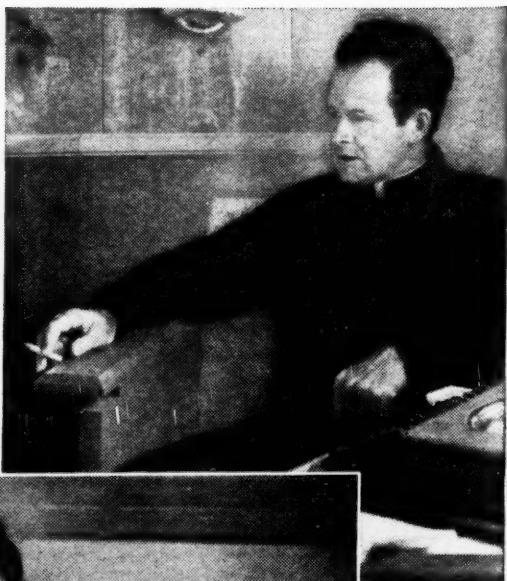
Most of the missionary's trips are now made on horseback. Recently his horse fell off a cliff, and the priest almost went with it. Padre Mac hopes soon to demonstrate a kind of magic that will astound even the medicine men. He hopes to get a small plane.

**Old Indian woman (right) waits for ration of corn. Father Mac brought in a supply to relieve famine.**

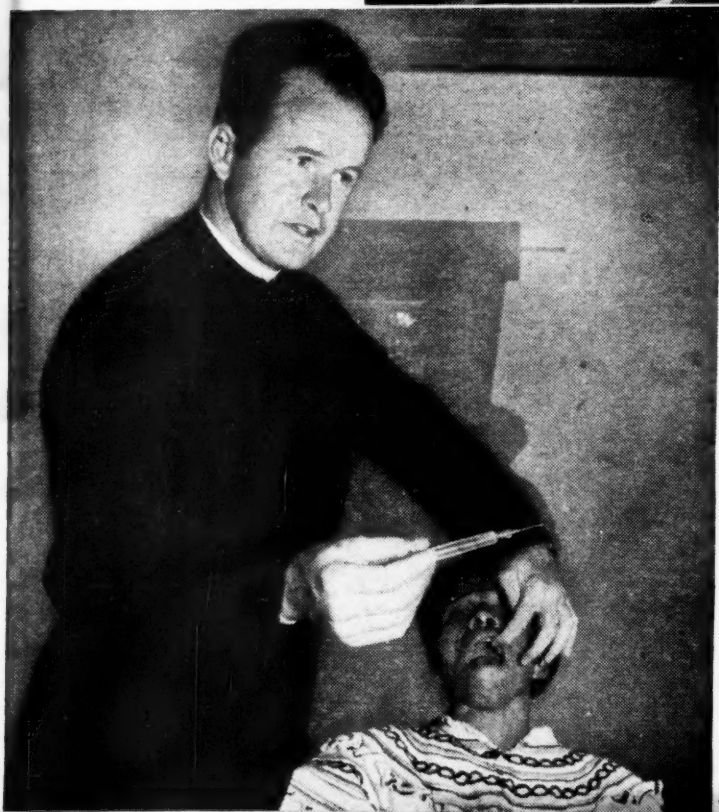
**Tortillas are made for supper (below). Family supply of corn hangs on rafters. It should last until the next harvest.**



**Padre Mac (right) rests a bit in his study. Most visitors are the native village people.**



**Father Mac (below) prepares to pull another tooth. His total since October, 1946, is at least 1,300. He says he's lost count.**



# Are You Emotionally Mature?

*If you're acting like a child, grow up*

By BLAKE CLARK

Based on *The Mature Mind* by H. A. Overstreet\*



**T**wo young men were leaving for induction camp. One had thrown his arms about his "Mom's" shoulders and was crying as if his heart would break. The other kissed his mother, shook hands with his father, and took an affectionate farewell.

The contrast between their responses in this moment of emotional crisis was a study in maturity. One acted like a baby; the other took it like a man.

A person can reach adulthood without reaching maturity. An adult is immature when he tries to work his life problems out by childish means.

At 40 he may be a man who still gets his own way by having tantrums. He browbeats his wife, terrifies his children, and bawls out his subordinates to get his own way. If he happens to be in politics he wears down his opponents by a method equivalent to screaming.

Actual childishness can exist in men and women who look adult. And if the same persons were dressed according to emotional age,

some businessmen might be in swaddling clothes and some housewives in pinafores.

Here are some questions you can ask yourself to help determine whether you are fully mature.

*Can you form warm relationships?*

Do you get along fine at parties, but shy away from a close friendship? As we grow, our emotional horizons should push back to embrace more and more people. Failing to grow, we often develop a friendly social veneer while inwardly we guard our emotional privacy too closely. We skillfully parry overtures of genuine affection.

The father who refuses to listen to the problems of the home is this type. He doesn't "want to be bothered." "She's your kid," he says to his wife, and hides behind the paper. Mary's dates, Johnny's report card are her worries. He withdraws emotionally and refuses to be included. Even in marriage, he is incapable of a warm emotional feeling, and is utterly unaware of it.

\*Copyright, 1949. W. W. Norton & Co., 101 5th Ave., New York City. 292 pp. \$3.50.

*Are you after prestige or achievement?*

The immature person feels a need to be built up. He lacks the emotional stability to be himself; he must be constantly reassured. The executive who insists that his stenographer get the other party on the line before he picks up the receiver may be "saving time," but he may also be reassuring himself that he really is a big shot.

This immature man is a "name dropper." He knows all the important personages by their first names. By sprinkling his conversation with big names, he makes listeners feel that they don't quite rate.

He chooses as friends only people who boost his ego. The mature person likes people for what they are. He judges them on their merits, not on whether they cater to his vanity.

*Do you have a proper sense of values?*

Important values are worth struggling for. The immature person spends his life striving for trivialities.

The mature person has ideals; he makes plans and acts on them. When ideals, plans and actions are integrated, the personality is integrated. Immature persons may be great idealists, but they fail to press through with plans and deeds.

What motivates you, a long-term program or the pleasure of the moment? The mature man who says

he is saving for a home resists temporary fancies, new suits, perhaps, or expensive lunches. Yet I know a man who spent his year's savings to join an exclusive country club, while his most frequent remark around the house is, "We can't afford it."

What values do you look for in others? The man who marries a girl for her face and figure and her popularity with others may be merely boosting his ego. Later, having to live with her day after day, he may wish that he had made a more mature choice.

*Do you feel that other people are a threat to you?*

A normal four-year-old is intensely jealous. A little girl this age may cry bitterly when her father pets another child. We normally grow beyond this stage emotionally.

Some people cannot bear hearing another praised. "If you knew what I know . . .," they say in that mysterious tone that suggests the worst. An insecure man may resent his wife's mothering the children instead of him. A mature person has confidence in himself. He recognizes the positive values in others. He accepts others for what they are, without envy or jealousy.

*Do you accept responsibility?*

A human being has to be taught dependability. A small child has no accurate sense of time; his attention span is too brief to enable him to



have constancy of purpose. In a very real sense, "a boy's will is the wind's will." Unfortunately, a good many grownups are as unstable as children.

The growing boy who learns to go to the store on an errand and bring home what he went for is in training for emotional and social maturity. So is the adolescent who, driving the family car, shows due respect for speed limits and for the hour when he has agreed to return home. So, also, is the boy or girl who has learned to stand out against the gang on behalf of an absent friend who is being "taken apart."

Immature adults may habitually be late for their appointments, but always blame a slow clock. Others dramatize themselves. They enjoy their irresponsibility because they feel that it sets them off from the common run of men. The thoroughly responsible person is far along the road to complete maturity.

*Do you keep on learning?*

The human being is born without knowledge. He has no skills, such as reading, writing, and arithmetic. He will not mature psychologically unless he begins, and continues, to learn.

If a person takes it for granted at any time that the store of knowledge he has at the moment is sufficient for the rest of his life, he is immature. He will respond to new situations inadequately; he will bluff instead of learn. He, like the

man who refuses to learn the issues before he votes, is immature.

*Do you wear a chip on your shoulder?*

A mature man may set himself strongly against specific persons and policies. But he does so because he identifies himself with worthy persons or policies. He does not bear a grudge against the world.

Only the immature man takes a pervasively hostile attitude toward his world. He expects others to gyp him, calls every foreigner "dirty foreigner," has an elephant's memory for past slights, enjoys other people's defeats. He always hopes to get the upper hand of someone else; feels "alive" only when actually in conflict.

*How do we advance to greater maturity?*

Every situation in life offers its opportunity for mature or immature responses. We do not have to wait for special occasions. We can develop maturity through practice, as we develop muscles through exercise. Significant opportunities present themselves in all our relationships with people.

A girl in your family breaks a dish. This can be the occasion for immature, angry scolding or merciless making of fun. You may abruptly dismiss her and wash the dishes yourself, leaving her to feel incompetent and rejected. Or you may maturely recognize the human



capacity to make mistakes and teach her something from the incident.

Again, in a family, there may be conflicting ideas about what to do on a certain evening. This may be an occasion for you to see the others' point of view, and compromise.

It is of little things like these that the mature or immature atmosphere of a home is created. Small immaturities of response often create disastrous immaturity in home life. These can be corrected by starting in a small way.

At work, are you an executive who has tried out something that has not succeeded? Will you shift the blame to someone else? Will you minimize your failure? Will you be moody about it? Or will you cheerfully act like a member of the human race that is known to make mistakes?

As a teacher, you are in a position of authority. Between you and your students is a gap. Do you so love to exercise your authority that you increase the gap, making your students feel small and frightened? Or do you treat all your young charges as though they were equal with yourself in dignity and human rights?

Suppose you have run for office and not been elected. Will you drop out of things? Sulk in your tent? Drop insinuating remarks about the victor? Claim injustice?

What if you were the man once in top office but now superseded? Do you yield gracefully, generously,

keep your hands off unless your help is asked, and then help with good will? Character is not only revealed by such actions, it is built by them.

Social life offers innumerable occasions for putting yourself to the test. Here is a person who reports something scandalous of a minority group. Do you join in a common savoring of the scandal, or do you quietly ask for the sources of the information? Prejudice, hostility, meanness, cruelty—these play in and out of our daily conversations with people.

Associate yourself with groups that promote maturing. Seek out the people who are trying to overcome racial and other prejudice, who encourage the citizen mind to be critically alive to issues, who practice citizenship by active work for community betterment, who work for the wiser nurture and education of the young, who seek to broaden and deepen the spiritual foundations of life.

We can begin at any moment the practice and enjoyment of maturity. If you respond to a situation with a mind open to learn what needs to be learned, you are mature. If you are ready to act responsibly where responsibility is called for, if you sink your ego out of sight, if you seek self-understanding and a wise understanding of others, you are mature. If you try to see in whole instead of in part, you practice, and enjoy, maturity.

# The Mystery Murder of Trotsky

*The act began two years and 6,000 miles away*

By JOSEPH BORNSTEIN

Condensed from a book\*

**B**EHIND the walls of a Mexican prison, La Penitenciaría, lives a mysterious prisoner. The judges who in 1943 found him guilty of murder were convinced that everything he told the court regarding his identity, his family, and his past was 'untrue. His real name, his origin, even his nationality, were never established. To the present day he remains anonymous. Newspapers and magazines have carried his picture and reports of his deed; but not a single witness has come forward to testify to having known him in former years.

He has succeeded in hiding the identity of his accomplices.

The prisoner calls himself Jacques Mornard Vandendreschd and claims to be a Belgian, born in Persia in 1904. He is the murderer of the man whom Joseph Stalin hated most—Leon Trotsky.

Nothing at all is known of his life before 1938. In July, 1938, one Sylvia Ageloff left her job as a clinical psychologist for the Brooklyn board of education and went on a trip to Europe. Miss Ageloff was then 27 years old. She was a Trotsky communist, and her sister was employed by Trotsky as his secretary in Mexico.

Shortly after her arrival in Paris, a handsome young man was introduced to Sylvia Ageloff as Jacques Mornard. Jacques offered to show Sylvia around Paris; he took her to theaters, to well-known restaurants and night clubs. They soon became lovers.

Once, in the first days of the romance, Jacques disappeared for several weeks. Before leaving Paris he told her that his mother had been badly hurt in an automobile accident and he had to go to Brussels.

In February, 1939,



Jacques Mornard

\*The Politics of Murder. Copyright, 1950, by the author. Reprinted with permission of William Sloane Associates, 119 W. 57th St., New York City 19. 295 pp. \$4. 43

Jacques told Sylvia that a Belgian newspaper had appointed him its American correspondent. He would sail for New York within a few weeks. There was no point in Sylvia's staying in Paris. In February, 1939, she returned to New York. He was to follow shortly.

In New York, Sylvia waited in vain. Cables informed her that Jacques's departure had been delayed. Then came letters which explained that he had not yet succeeded in getting his American visa; it might be some time before he would be able to come. Finally, in September, just as the war in Europe was beginning, Jacques arrived in New York on the *Ile de France*.

Several changes had taken place. Jacques Mornard had adopted a new name, "Frank Jacson."

Furthermore, Mornard alias Jacson had changed his profession. He had not become a correspondent. He had, he told Sylvia, accepted a job as assistant to a European broker who was purchasing Mexican raw materials for shipment to France and England. This job, Jacson said, paid well but unfortunately did not permit him to stay in New York with Sylvia; soon he would go to Mexico City, where his "boss" expected him.

In October, 1939, Frank Jacson said good-by to Sylvia and went to Mexico City. In his letters, he declared to Sylvia that he missed her. His boss, he wrote, had not yet

arrived, thus he had all his time to himself.

Jacson said nothing about it to Sylvia but Leon Trotsky was living in Coyoacan, near Mexico City. Day after day communist leaders demanded Trotsky's expulsion from Mexico. Defeated by Stalin in his attempt to succeed Lenin, Trotsky had been driven successively from Russia, from Turkey, from France, and from Norway. Still, he did not stop denouncing Stalin. Trotsky kept the leadership of only the small Trotskyist groups that survived in several countries. Stalin, on the other hand, used all the open and secret power of world communism to destroy even these leftovers of Trotsky's former influence. In Soviet Russia, the best-known comrades-in-arms of Trotsky and Lenin were put to death. Outside Russia, the communists were instructed to spread the view that Trotsky had never been anything but an agent and spy for Russia's greatest enemies.

Frank Jacson's letters to Sylvia expressed no interest in any of this when he asked her to come to Mexico. Sylvia told her superiors that she had to undergo an operation and needed an extended leave of absence. In January, 1940, she was released from her duties for three months and flew to Mexico.

Sylvia's sister, secretary to Trotsky, and some friends were in Mexico at that time. In fact, Sylvia knew most of the people in Trot-

sky's home at Coyoacan; Trotsky himself and his wife met her and apparently liked her. She, in turn, introduced Frank Jacson to some of her friends and soon most of them knew him as the "husband of Sylvia Ageloff." He never suggested being introduced to Trotsky and he never entered Trotsky's house or expressed a wish to do so.

In March, 1940, the Mexican honeymoon came to an end. Sylvia would lose her job if she delayed her return to Brooklyn.

After Sylvia left, Frank Jacson remained on close terms with his new acquaintances in Coyoacan. At a dinner party Jacson learned that the Rosmers, close friends of Trotsky, had made plans to return to France; they had booked passage on a boat leaving Vera Cruz at the end of May. Trotsky's wife, Natalia, and one of his secretaries wished to accompany the Rosmers to Vera Cruz. Jacson offered them the use of his car for the journey.

Leon Trotsky's wife was nearly prevented from going to Vera Cruz. The trip had been scheduled for May 28, 1940. During the night of the 24th, between 3 and 4 A.M., a group of 25 to 30 men, dressed in Mexican police uniforms, invaded Coyoacan. The invaders succeeded in disarming the real po-

licemen on guard around Trotsky's house, then passed into the courtyard through the entrance door, which was guarded on this night by Robert Sheldon Harte, one of Trotsky's private bodyguards. Someone he recognized evidently persuaded Harte to open the door.

In the silence of the night the invaders set up a machine gun in the courtyard. They fired a steady barrage of bullets at the living quarters of Trotsky's guards, secretaries, and guests. Other members of the gang surrounded a second building, where the Trotskys and their little grandson were sleeping. There they fired several hundred bullets through the windows into Trotsky's bedroom.

The Trotskys rolled out of bed at the sound of the explosions and, lying flat on the floor in a corner between the bed and the wall, escaped the bullets. They heard someone enter the darkened room, fire a few more bullets, and then go into the next room, apparently convinced that there was no survivor. Finally, cars were heard driving quickly away, and all became silent again. A few weeks afterward, Harte's body, covered with lime, was found in an isolated house several miles away.

Four days after the



Leon Trotsky

assault, on May 28, Jacson, as previously arranged, came to Trotsky's house to pick up the Rosmers and Mrs. Natalia Trotsky. It was 8 A.M. The Trotskys and their friends were still at breakfast. Jacson was informed that the party was not yet ready and he was invited to come in and have coffee. The Rosmers introduced him to Mr. and Mrs. Trotsky. They shook hands.

For the first time Frank Jacson stood face to face with Leon Trotsky. Twenty-two months had passed since the day in Paris when he, as Jacques Mornard, had met a girl from Brooklyn whose sister was Trotsky's secretary.

After a pleasant trip, the Rosmers and their party reached Vera Cruz. They returned to Coyoacan in Jacson's car. Mrs. Trotsky asked Jacson to come in and have some refreshment before driving back to Mexico City. He stayed a half hour.

From that day on, Jacson was more or less free in Trotsky's house. To the secretaries and guards he was now not only Sylvia Ageloff's husband but someone whom the "old man" (Trotsky), knew and evidently trusted. Jacson did not make a nuisance of himself by coming too often.

After the attack, the Mexican police increased the number of guards around Trotsky's house. At the same time Trotsky's friends decided to transform the house in Coyoacan into a fortress. Money was collected in the U.S. Massive

steel shutters were installed at the doors and windows of Trotsky's living quarters. Barbed-wire entanglements, observation towers dominating the surrounding neighborhood, and bombproof ceilings and floors were built.

During the first days of July, Jacson announced that he had to leave the city on urgent business. A few days later he phoned Sylvia from San Antonio. Then, for three weeks, Sylvia heard nothing from him. Finally, after she had wired several times to Mexico City inquiring as to what had happened, Jacson sent a telegram explaining that he had been very ill, and was forced to stay in a small Mexican village near Puebla. Shortly afterward, he called Sylvia and insisted that she spend her summer vacation with him in Mexico.

On August 8 they went together to Coyoacan. Sylvia Ageloff and her husband were invited for tea at the Trotskys.

At tea Frank Jacson showed great interest in a political dispute about the Russo-Finnish war. He professed himself in full agreement with Trotsky's point of view. When, on August 10, Sylvia and Jacson were invited for tea, he announced his intention of writing an article in defense of Trotsky's position. In his possession, Jacson said, were French statistics that he wanted to use in this connection.

One week later, on August 17, Frank Jacson showed Trotsky an

outline of the article, "a few phrases, muddled stuff," as Trotsky afterward told his wife. Jacson remarked he intended to write the article over the week end and asked Trotsky for permission to show him the finished manuscript.

Trotsky refrained from hurting Jacson's feelings by referring him and his article to one of the secretaries, and promised to read the manuscript if Jacson would bring it to him the following Tuesday.

On Tuesday, August 20, at 5:30 P.M., three of Trotsky's friends, Joseph Hansen, Charles Cornell, and Melquiades Benitez, were at work on the roof connecting a powerful siren with the alarm system that was to be used in case of a new GPU attack. They saw Jacson arrive and park his car parallel to the wall. He waved to the men on the roof and shouted, "Has Sylvia arrived yet?" Sylvia had not arrived and was indeed not expected, but Cornell knew that Jacson had an appointment with Trotsky. Without hesitation, Cornell operated the electrical controls on the double doors, and Jacson, carrying a raincoat over his arm, entered the patio where the guard on duty, Harold Robins, received him.

Robins took Jacson to Trotsky, who had just left his study for his daily practice of feeding the chickens and rabbits in the back yard. Trotsky took off his working gloves and addressed his visitor, "Well, what do you say, shall we go over

your article?" He led Jacson into the study and closed the door.

A few minutes later, Mrs. Trotsky, Robins, and the three men working on the roof heard "a terrible soul-shaking cry." All of them were chilled to the bone. Then followed sounds of a struggle in Trotsky's study. Before Mrs. Trotsky, Robins, and Hansen had reached the study, Trotsky, his face covered with blood, stumbled through the door to the dining room. After a few more steps he slumped to the floor.

Inside the study stood Jacson gasping, making no move, as if he were at the end of his strength. In his hand was an automatic pistol. Robins sprang at him, and, with one blow, brought him to the floor. Half unconscious, trembling in terror, Jacson whined, "They made me do it. They made me do it." And then, "They have imprisoned my mother. They have imprisoned my mother." A few seconds later Jacson came to himself and struggled with Robins in an attempt to escape from the room. Hansen helped Robins overcome the murderer. Jacson, in spite of blows, regained his self-control and refused to tell who had "made him do it." To all questions from Hansen and Robins, Jacson uttered only, "Sylvia had nothing to do with it. No, it was not the GPU."

Near by was found the instrument used by Jacson in assaulting Trotsky: an alpenstock such as is



used in Switzerland for mountain climbing. It had a heavy wooden handle about a foot in length attached to a steel head with a sharply pointed pick at one end and a forked hammer claw at the other, measuring seven to eight inches from tip to tip.

Jacson did not refuse to assist detectives in reconstructing the crime. Trotsky, having led Jacson into his study, had seated himself at his writing desk, with Jacson standing at his left side, a few inches behind Trotsky's chair. While Trotsky started reading the article, Jacson, unseen by Trotsky, pulled the pickax from under his raincoat. "I raised it up high," said Jacson to the police; "I shut my eyes and struck with all my strength." Trotsky, uttering the terrible cry heard by his wife and the others, raised himself from his seat and struggled with his attacker. He showed remarkable strength and fortitude for a man of 62. But the pickax wielded by Jacson had penetrated deeply into Trotsky's brain. Twenty-six hours later, Trotsky was dead.

When the detectives searched the murderer they found that he had come well prepared. Besides the pickax and gun, he had armed himself with an ornate dagger, about nine inches long. No identifying papers were found. Jacson declared that he had burned his Canadian passport in the afternoon before going to Trotsky's house.

Immediately after the murder, Sylvia was arrested on suspicion of being an accomplice. When she learned what had happened, special measures had to be taken to prevent her from committing suicide. For days she lay on a small hospital cot, face down, sobbing aloud, calling for her father and threatening to kill herself.

When the first shock had passed, Sylvia was confronted with the murderer. The moment she saw him she lost all control, and force had to be exerted to keep her at a safe distance from him. However, she could not be prevented from shouting at him again and again. "You dirty murderer. You dirty GPU agent. I hope I never see you again. I hope you will suffer a terrible death." With tears pouring down her face Sylvia was finally able to answer questions about how she had met her former lover and what she knew about him. Bitterly blaming herself for her credulity, she accused him of having made love to her with design to murder Trotsky.

Almost every step in the investigation added to the evidence that Jacques Mornard was lying about his identity. He offered a "confession" that was made up of obvious lies. Mornard's reports of his negotiations with Trotsky were in agreement with Stalinist propaganda, including the assertion that Trotsky was an agent of American imperialism, supported by the FBI



and the Dies committee in Washington.

Confronted with the overwhelming evidence of his lies, Mornard did not alter his false confession. It was apparent that Mornard was less afraid of Mexican law than of admitting his real motives for slaying Trotsky, or anything that might indicate his true identity or that of his accomplices. Never again did Jacques Mornard lose his self-control as in the terrible moment when Robins and Hansen heard him cry out, "They made me do it. They have imprisoned my mother!"

Special efforts were made to trace Frank Jacson's passport. The document itself was not discovered; but, fortunately, it was remembered that Jacson had needed an American visa for his trip to New York, two months before the murder. The files of the American consulate in Mexico City were searched and there the application of a Frank Jacson for a transit visa to Montreal was found. It showed the number of Frank Jacson's passport, the date of its issuance, and the fact that Frank Jacson, according to his passport, was born on June 13, 1905, in Lovinac, Yugoslavia.

Canadian authorities found that under the number and date registered in Jacson's application in Mexico City an authentic Canadian passport had been issued to Tony Babich, a British subject naturalized in Canada, born on June 13, 1905, in Lovinac, Yugoslavia. Tony

Babich had applied for this passport in March, 1937, declaring that he intended to visit Yugoslavia.

Thus, no doubt was left that Jacques Mornard alias Frank Jacson had used the passport of Tony Babich after Babich's name, signature, and photo had been replaced by those of Frank Jacson. So well was the change made that several American and Mexican immigration officers had examined the document without suspecting any falsification.

Inquiring into the manner in which Frank Jacson, alias Mornard, got possession of Tony Babich's passport, the investigators discovered that the real Tony Babich had actually left Canada in 1937, but that he never arrived in Yugoslavia. He had stopped off in Spain to volunteer in the Loyalist Army during the civil war against Franco, and had died as a member of the International Brigade. Spanish authorities had certified his death.

What often happened to passports of men who served and died during the Spanish civil war in the ranks of the International Brigade is known.

Some information concerning this point was given by General Walter Krivitsky, formerly chief of the Soviet Military Intelligence in Western Europe, who later turned against Stalin, escaped to America, and told the story of his experiences in his book *In Stalin's Secret Service*. Krivitsky reported that

during the Spanish civil war members of the International Brigade, volunteers coming from all countries, were ordered to turn over their passports to their superiors. The documents were collected by Russian emissaries, who played leading roles in the International Brigade; the passports of those who died on the battlefield, or were otherwise killed, were packed into bundles and sent to Moscow to a special department of the GPU. Highly skilled technicians made them over for the use of secret agents sent abroad by the GPU.

Walter Krivitsky was unable to

testify in person at the trial of Jacques Mornard. One day in February, 1941, the former Russian general was shot to death in a hotel room in Washington.

Jacques Mornard now enjoys a relatively pleasant life. On April 16, 1943, he was sentenced to 20 years imprisonment. But journalists who visited him found that his cell was equipped with an excellent library; his meals and liquor came not from the prison kitchen but from an expensive restaurant. His bills were high, and they were paid regularly, from funds whose sources have never been revealed.

### *A God Is Made . . .*

**V**OLTAIRE was right when he said, "If there were no God, it would be necessary to invent one." The faithful communists, realizing this, have deified Stalin. Here is one of their blasphemous verses, quoted from *Pravda*.

*Oh, great Stalin, oh, leader of the people,  
You have created man,  
You have populated the earth,  
You have made the centuries young,  
You have made the springtime flower. . . .*

David Goldstein in the *Pilot* (8 Dec. '51).

### *. . . With Feet of Clay*

**A** RUSSIAN AGENT was sent to spy in Eastern Germany. After many discouraging experiences, he finally met a German who seemed content.

"The others can say what they want about the communists," the German declared, "but as for me, I would rather work for the communists than for anybody else."

"I'm glad to hear that," the agent said. "Tell me, my good man, what do you do for a living?"

"I'm a gravedigger."

*The Catholic Mirror* (Nov. '51).

# New Theory of War

*No more Coventrys or Hiroshimas are in prospect;  
new weapons should make mass bombings obsolete*

By MICHAEL AMRINE

Condensed from *This Week*\*

**T**wo recent developments are certain to change the theory and practice of war. 1. A new smaller atomic bomb. Yesterday authorities spoke of a handful of atomic bombs; today they speak of thousands. 2. The "Matador," a flying bomb which might better be described as an airplane without a pilot.

Our whole military policy is being turned to these new weapons. Officials predict a shift from what the military calls strategic to tactical bombing. The shift would mean an end to the bombing of cities as such. Real pin-point accuracy is definitely forecast. Area or saturation bombing would be unnecessary.

Modern war would still be hideous, wasteful, and cruel. But the homes and cities which hold our civilization together would be far safer if the concept of area bombing disappeared forever. Soldiers and muni-

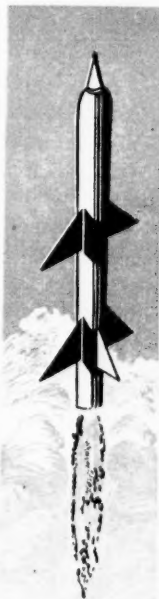
tions workers would still face direct attack from the skies. But city dwellers could feel more secure in wartime.

It may all seem strange to you. Can more bombs mean less bombing? No, perhaps not, but they certainly mean an entirely different kind of bombing. The military have

been asking not for larger atomic bombs, but for smaller ones, ever since Hiroshima. Now the small ones are here, and will be made in vast quantities.

The tactics of total war will undergo many radical changes. To the average citizen, the happiest change is this: in all likelihood, the generals are going to give war back to the soldiers. You may find this hard to believe. Most of us think of the next war in terms of the last. We picture huge fleets of bombers dropping A-bombs or perhaps H-bombs on the enemy.

Everyone knows that two



atomic bombs ended the war in Japan. The experts agree that air power was essential in Europe, too. But they question just how much was achieved by "area" bombing of cities. The Strategic Bombing surveys and other studies which followed raised many doubts of bombing efficiency, as applied to areas rather than to specific targets.

In human terms Hiroshima was an overwhelming catastrophe. A city virtually vanished in a flash of light, with 100,000 dead and that many more wounded or missing.

In military terms, the Army headquarters and the two divisions which made Hiroshima a military target were disorganized or killed. But most of the industrial production facilities of Hiroshima were unharmed; for, as in most cities, they were on the outskirts of town. The official report of the Bombing Survey said that three-fourths were not hurt and could have resumed production within 30 days!

In Europe the great mass raids aimed more than 25% of the bombs not at specific targets but at "areas." In the end the Allies inherited a ruined Germany, but factory records showed that production had not been hurt by raids nearly as much as we had thought. The Germans sometimes sent production up, even while bombers were blasting an industrial area!

Many of our highest-ranking military men have come to a double conclusion. 1. Mass bombing is not

nearly so efficient as we once supposed. 2. Its brutal destruction of lives and property creates moral and political problems for the winner as well as the loser.

The British, who had been bombed bitterly themselves, went in for "area" bombing much more than we. For example, their Chief of Strategic Bombing once said that in their bombing campaign in the Ruhr industrial district they never aimed "specifically at one factory. The aiming points were usually right in the center of town. Devastated areas were hundreds even thousands of acres broad, usually in the heart of the city."

But today many of their experts agree with the British retired general, Maj. Gen. J. F. C. Fuller. In his military journal, he writes, "By annihilating an enemy we destroy ourselves. Should such bombing be resorted to in the next war on the scale it was in the last, the enemy may be defeated, but Europe will be economically destroyed and America morally, mortally wounded. The high ideals she stands for will be pulverized." Many other generals and admirals believe area bombing goes against the very purposes for which we have fought.

It is always immoral to kill unnecessarily. Unless it is a necessity, no one can morally kill a single person, under any circumstances of war, in a skirmish, battle, or a bombing. Now the new weapons promise to make mass killing of

civilians unnecessary even in military terms of total war.

The change to tactical bombing away from strategic bombing will not come overnight. How fast it will come depends on many things, including the production schedules of missiles and bombs. But repeated hints from the Pentagon, announcements by the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy, and the pictures of the new rockets and missiles show that revolutionary changes are on the way.

Six years ago atomic bombs cost a million dollars apiece. Now they are spoken of as "cheap." The first were so hard to make that top technicians and world-famous scientists were needed. Mechanical adjustments were said to be finer than those of the finest watch. Today the Atomic Energy Commission says they are made on an assembly-line basis. As production mounts, the cost of a bomb may become less than the cost of a tank!

An atomic bomb was once considered a delicate mechanism, indeed, and not even the bravest of artillery sergeants would think of slamming one into a gun. But today the Army chief of staff says atomic artillery shells are possible, and the Navy has already been practicing a technique for carrying atomic bombs in small light planes off the decks of aircraft carriers.

Maj. Gen. James M. Gavin, former commander of the 82nd Airborne, is now with a select

group of officers assigned to evaluate new weapons. Last year he wrote in the *Combat Forces Journal* that the A-bomb is "an excellent tactical weapon. It is much higher on the curve of deadliness than either the conventional bomb or the artillery shell. A higher accuracy of delivery is needed than at Hiroshima or Nagasaki."

General Gavin points out that obvious targets would be any massing of land forces taking off or arriving at a beachhead, troops traveling through a defile or canyon, material in supply dumps, bridges, and other transportation "choke points," and marshalling yards. He suggested that one model A-bomb would approximate the effect "of 8,000 medium artillery shells per square mile, over a three-to-five-square-mile area, with a much heavier concentration in the center than on the fringes." General Gavin was with the 82nd in the famous encirclement at Bastogne. He thinks the tactical A-bomb would have been useful there—or at Okinawa, Anzio, Salerno, or St. Lo, for example.

Reliable reports indicate the Matador travels perhaps 1,000 miles per hour, faster than any known plane. Its range is probably between 150 and 300 miles. The fact that a billion dollars is going this year into development of guided missiles like it is an indication of their practicality. Even the Manhattan district itself did not spend money

at that rate when it was building the first atomic bomb. With a proximity fuse and an atomic warhead added, the Matador could be our best tactical weapon. With it, we would not need to destroy anything unnecessary to our purpose.

If we go to war, it is all-important to win if possible without laying waste enemy cities or those of our allies. Russia began to disperse her industry 15 years ago, when she feared Hitler. The old-style bombs could cause hideous loss of life in Russian cities, but the best military judgment has been that they could not win a war overnight. Neither could the old-style bombs destroy the massive Red Army if it would have the simple good sense to disperse over a wide area. The uneasy balance of the world since the 2nd World War has in great part been due to the fact no one—on either side—knew how to weigh the huge land army of Russia against the huge explosive power of the atomic bomb. Neither could be imagined as pitted against the other.

Suppose Russia started a 3rd World War in earnest, and her armies overran Europe. Would we use atomic bombs to drive the Russians out of the European capitals? Another form of this question is, "How many of our friends would we kill in order to defeat our enemies?"

Supposing that in Europe we won another war through mass bombing, what would be the real price of victory and what hope could be held for a peaceful future? Communism breeds best in the hunger, disease, and disorganization of ruined cities.

Mass bombing might not win the war and there is even less chance that it could win the peace. In the blood and sweat of struggle men may think the purpose of war is killing.

But, as General William Tecumseh Sherman explained long ago, war's end purpose must be to stop the killing.

Today military thinkers and policy planners keep very much in mind that even if there should be another war, the nations will have to try again to live together after the shooting is stopped.

The U.S. has not used the old-style atomic bomb in a war which has gone on for over a year—and it will hesitate to use its newer atomic bombs, too. But if war is forced on us we will have to use the new weapons to save our civilization. And with the new weapons we can win the war and still save also the civilization of the enemy. The new weapons may make a better peace than the dreadful peace which came to Lidice, Warsaw, Manila, Berlin, and Hiroshima.

Whatever makes men good Christians, makes  
them good citizens.

Daniel Webster.

# "Georgetown Quits Football"

*The university decided that it was founded for students, not spectators.*

By HUNTER GUTHRIE, S.J.

Condensed from *Saturday Evening Post*\*



**T**HE BIRTH of football at Georgetown in 1874 is not so well recorded as its death in 1951. GEORGETOWN QUILTS FOOTBALL was a nationwide headline. Had the university burned to the ground the headlines would not have been bolder.

Football is important. We at Georgetown began to think it was too important. We did not want to have to persuade the public that we also educated students at Georgetown.

Sports originally were the means of developing a sound mind in a sound body. Sports later shouldered their way into the classroom. The benefits of sports at first accrued to participants; now they accrue to spectators.

What brought this about? The inexorable logic of the dollar. As against a student's small fee for education is the spectator's large fee to witness a small part of that education. The best students are not the best football material.

Educationally, in its present pro-

fessionalized, spectator-appeal form, football is indefensible. It has as much reason to subsist on the campus of an educational institution as a night club or a macaroni factory.

Into football goes a stupendous outlay of time, money, and manpower. There are, too, the raw passions of greed and slavish devotion, the ignoble elements of spite, bitterness, and sly cunning. And all this to get 11 boys to advance a leather-covered balloon a given distance, while 11 opposing boys try to prevent the advance. To class such activity as education is a farce.

Intercollegiate football today is a big business exploiting a small number of "students" for the benefit of paying spectators. Georgetown was founded to benefit students, not spectators.

Georgetown has educated students for more than 160 years. It followed the traditional international system of Jesuit education. For more than four centuries this system has produced leaders in many fields, Popes, statesmen, gen-

\*Oct. 13, 1951. Copr. 1951 by Curtis Pub. Co., Independence Sq., Philadelphia, 5, Pa. 55



cials, scientists, and philosophers, together with more than 25 canonized saints, some 60 Blesseds and two Doctors of the Church. That is a good score even on a Saturday afternoon in late November. Moreover, Georgetown has spiritually fostered this tradition in 27 sister institutions of higher learning in the U.S., as well as 38 secondary schools. Georgetown has felt little more than academic interest in the football activities of its students.

Part of its dollar was invested in football under the guise of public relations and advertising. Was it wisely invested? In September, 1950, we asked 5,330 students why they came to Georgetown. Only 72 listed athletics as the first or second reason.

How many advertising dollars did we spend to get 72 students? We did not pretend to be a football college. Advertising is judged by its results. We asked our treasurer for a breakdown of the costs of football in ten years.

I had always thought the treasurer liked football. He certainly attended all the home games. "I pay for them, don't I?" he said. "I might as well get something for my money."

I have always been slow in finding out which end is up on financial reports. Patiently he explained that in the ten years, I think they were 1930 to 1940, we took in \$1 million from generous spectators eager to see our students perform

their educational exercises. But we spent \$2 million to put the show on the road. I found that football had cost \$100,000 a year.

One hundred thousand dollars a year. In the 30's it would have bought us a new building every three or four years. Our \$33 million campus is woefully inadequate for 6,000 students. Thirteen hundred boarding students crowd two dining rooms which have a total seating capacity of 700. Our library, constructed to house 100,000 books, has 250,000. Our resident Jesuit faculty of 86 eat, live, and perform their spiritual exercises in a building built for 30. We had to stop football because we wanted Georgetown to be a better place for people to send their sons.

You may say that money isn't everything. Aren't there other kinds of value in football?

Conceivably, three groups benefit from football. First, there is the student group. They started the game. It was a good, clean sport, gave a workout to their muscles, broke the tedium of the classroom, and got them outdoors. They chose up sides or formed a league according to dormitory groupings. But as the years pass, more and more people watch them play.

This introduces the second group, the spectator. Instead of several games among students every afternoon, there is now practice, day after day, for the one game on Saturday. Blackboard diagramming of

plays and study of films take long evenings. It all ends in November; then, for no good reason, starts again in spring. In football colleges it continues through summer for star players, with appropriate monetary compensation. Perhaps soon the gap of winter will be bridged.

This is no longer sport, but big business in neon lights. The bewildered students who started it are now spectators. They are admitted to watch at cut rates, in some sort of begrudging acknowledgment of original authorship.

But they are not on the field. The average student who would love to kick a football or throw a pass has as much chance of breaking into this big-time monstrosity as your favorite saddle horse would have against Citation in the Kentucky Derby. Big-time football is open only to finely conditioned young men who played through high-school years and worked their way up. The young men serve, perhaps, a necessary purpose.

The question is, does their education, their training for life, belong in a liberal-arts college? Is it possible for the liberal-arts college to assume, in addition to its traditional education, the training of a professional athlete?

Perhaps the matter could be defended as a community service, a kind of show the university puts on for the citizens. A university's obligation to serve its town is ancient and sacred. The illiterate towns-

folk showed up regularly at the public Latin disputations held in the medieval university square. They understood not a word. Yet they applauded the niceties of a distinction and booed with fervor the unhorsed defendant.

Hollywood has helped us to get far beyond this stage. Universities no longer present spectacles of intellectual appeal. The mentality of a child is now our yardstick in community service.

The educator now knows almost to a certainty that football is no longer a part of his educational program. What he may think of it as a spectator benefit, a community service, is very easily decided by a glance at the box-office receipts.

That brings us to the third group, the one which puts on the show, in other words, the college. It also brings us back to money. Either football makes money or it doesn't. If it makes money, you have a grand financial report to show your trustees. Your only inconvenience is an occasional cocktail party for the sports writers.

Things did not work out this way at Georgetown. We had been losing about \$100,000 a year. This was just part of the financial story. The \$100,000 figure applied only to visible expenses. Hidden expenses did not show on the ledgers. Our annual losses amounted to far more than \$100,000.

Let me give you the hard facts about the 1950 football season,

our last one. First, the visible expenses, salaries, travel, printing, equipment, uniform cleaning, maintenance, hospital insurance, amounted to \$147,810.84. And those were in an economy year. The allotment for all sports for 1950-51 had been slimmed to the unprecedented sum of \$173,209.93. From the graduate manager to the groundkeeper we were all economy conscious.

The publicity man beat behind every available bush for paying spectators. When it was all over, the treasurer found that we had taken in only \$44,123.97.

So our visible deficit was \$103,686.87. Now come hidden costs. They stem from the status accorded the football player. With the sanction of authorities, these men have separate academic objectives from the rest of the student body. They also have the conviction that society owes them a living.

Pray, don't misunderstand me. Many of these handsome and soft-spoken giants are my friends. Nevertheless, I say that these men, whether they are the cause or the effect of the system, are being improperly educated. And sometimes I think this social phase of the

problem is more ominous than the educational phase.

At Georgetown last year we had 81 football "scholarships." There is no more cynical term in the language. These "scholars" received free tuition, free lodging, free board, free books, free laundry, and free incidental fees. For these items the university would get from 81 nonfootball-playing scholars, \$134,865 plus. I say "plus" because I have figured according to the usual fees, \$1,665 per man.

Some of our "scholars" were in the School of Foreign Service, where the annual fee comes to \$1,790 a man, but why quibble over \$125? The patient and long-suffering treasurer, in figuring out our 1950 contribution to the carnival of football for the American spectator and sports-page reader, totaled up \$238,551.87.

The extravagances of football have forced us to re-examine our educational, institutional, and social objectives. On no count could we see any justification for big time football. We acted accordingly. Georgetown university, mother of Catholic education in the U.S., will be the better for it.



### *Dim View*

A YOUNG machinist went to the hospital to see his newborn son. He asked the nurse why his son, as well as all the rest of the newly arrived citizens, was crying so hard. "Well," replied the nurse, "if you were only a few hours old, had no clothes and no money, were out of a job, and owed \$1,700 as your part of the federal debt—wouldn't you put up a howl, too?"

*Credit Union Bridge (Oct. '51).*

# BOOKS

## FOR LENTEN READING

By Francis B. Thornton

The theme of the Lenten list is holiness and love. The Church is holy in her Founder, in her head and priesthood, holy in her doctrine. This seed of holiness is scattered abroad over the world in saints and martyrs, missionaries, priests and people. And wherever holiness takes root there springs a burning bush of love.

*Life of Jesus*, by *François Mauriac*. Translated by Julie Kernan, *David McKay*. The great French novelist uses a swift-moving film technique in a series of profound meditations on the life of our Lord. Short sentences, subtle characterization and brilliant atmosphere make this book a perennial companion for your joys and sorrows.

*The Ear of God*, by *Patrick J. Peyton*, *Doubleday*. With warm words and a wealth of touching examples Father Peyton helps us to understand the beauty and tenderness of the Mother of God and her love for us. We begin to appreciate the miracle of the Rosary and we savor how much our world needs the family Rosary.

Eugenio Pacelli: Pope of Peace,

by *Oscar Halecki*, *Creative Age* (*Farrar, Straus & Young*). This splendid life of Pius XII pictures the Holy Father against the complete background of our times. Diplomat, scholar, traveler, statesman—he stands at the heart of history in the simple magnificence of his priesthood.

*The Greatest Calling*, by *Rawley Meyers*, editor, *McMullen*. What is the meaning and measure of the priesthood? The answers to these questions are given by Cardinal Suhard, Bishop Sheen, Father Keller, Claire Booth Luce, Frank Leahy, and many others. Though the testimonies are interesting and varied they may be summed up in two words—*holiness* and *love*.

*The External of the Catholic Church*, by *John F. Sullivan*, D.D. Revised by *John C. O'Leary*, Ph.D., *P. J. Kenedy*. Those who first observe the Church see her in her external aspect. Naturally they will ask questions that Catholics are often unable to answer. In this book you will find all the answers that explain the Church to those who long to know her.

What Catholics Believe, by *Joseph Pieper* and *Heinz Raskop*, *Pantheon Books*. An amazingly exact statement of our basic beliefs in 112 pages. A "simply beautiful and beautifully simple book" for Catholics and men of good will who want to know what Catholics believe.

Three to Get Married, by *Fulton Sheen*, *Appleton-Century-Crofts*. Pius X saw that marriage was the most attacked sacrament of our time. Bishop Sheen also sees the threat. His book suggests the great remedy. Marriage is holy. Man and woman are the partners, and they work out their salvation within the radiant effulgence of the Trinity.

God in Our Daily Life, by *Hilda C. Graef*, *Newman*. Miss Graef is justly incensed with individuals or groups that would make faith into a kind of celestial numbers racket. As an antidote to this mentality the author uncovers the rumors of God in every act and moment of our lives. With relentless logic she points up the splendor of faith.

The Ascent to Truth, by *Thomas Merton*, *Harcourt, Brace*. St. Paul tells us we are all called to be saints. For the prayer life of the saint a full knowledge of the mystical way is necessary. God is Truth, and contemplation is the path by which we approach that Truth in the most direct and dazzling fash-

ion. Father Merton is a charming guide for the journey.

Hourglass, by *John W. Lynch*, *Macmillan*. What is the meaning of the year for Catholics? Heard above the faint music of life: mind-ing the baby, making a living, golf, and baseball are divine overtones of beauty. The book is presented with the zest of a radio program heard in time and eternity.

The Little Flowers of Saint Francis, by *St. Bonaventure*, *E. P. Dutton*. *The Little Flowers* tells the story of the saint's life in the child-like accents native to him and dear to his heart. His love of simplicity and poverty; his artless dealings with men, birds and animals are an unfailing source of inspiration. This new edition is a joy to handle and read.

Saints For Our Times, by *Theodore Maynard*, *Appleton-Century-Crofts*. The lives of the 18 saints portrayed in this book offer us thrilling patterns of strength and virtue particularly suited to our age. Mr. Maynard has presented his studies with humor, verve and subtle understanding.

Letters to the Martyrs, by *Helen Walker Homan*, *David McKay*. Persecution under Stalin has reached a new pitch of fury which is like the Roman persecutions. Helen Homan cleverly points out

some of the similarities and differences by pairing the names of modern martyrs and their Roman prototypes.

Inuk, by *Roger Buliard, Farrar, Straus and Young*. With tough realism Father Buliard describes his life among the Eskimos. It is an almost incredible picture of the iron cold, raging blizzards, and brutal integrity of the Eskimo.

Bells Above the Amazon, by *Arthur J. Burks, David McKay*. The tropics are alive with terrors that equal the hazards of the North. The life of Hugo Mense among the Mundurucus provides a thrilling glimpse into missionary life on the upper Amazon: steaming jungles, snakes, insects and the reluctant hearts of converted head hunters who had to be taught love.

Father Paul of Graymoor, by *David Gannon, Macmillan*. Father Paul of Graymoor founded an Anglican Community of monks and nuns and brought them into the Church with him. The story of his battles for faith, unity, and tolerance makes an inspiring biography.

The Pillar of Fire, by *Karl Stern, Harcourt, Brace*. Superb pictures of Karl Stern's childhood and young manhood are followed by his adventures in philosophy and psychiatry which led to his conversion. The letter to his brother at the end

of the volume is a wonderful testimony to Our Lord.

Color Ebony, by *Helen C. Day, Sheed & Ward*. A Negro girl's search for God beautifully recounted. The slights she endured and her love of God and prayer offer a challenge to the Jim Crow mentality of many whites who call themselves Christians.

The Long Loneliness, by *Dorothy Day, Harpers*. Dorothy Day's autobiography is more than the revelation of a life. It is a document of social justice and Christian love. Her apostolate among the forsaken and her portraits of her co-workers, particularly Peter Maurin, make fascinating reading.

Bishop Sheil and the C.Y.O., by *Roger L. Treat, Julian Messner*. The first complete account of Bishop Sheil's far-flung activities among the underprivileged. The C.Y.O., housing, a poor man's university—a saga of angels with dirty faces.

I Live Again, by *Princess Ileana of Rumania, Rinehart*. Princess Ileana of Rumania sketches her biography against the tremendous background of the recent war. How communism has debased the people of Holy Russia makes an unhappy contrast with Catherine de Hueck's picture. A tender portrait of Rumania past and present; a powerful indictment of Russian methods.

Beyond East and West, by *John C. H. Wu, Sheed & Ward*. Beyond race and color, beyond East and West is the faith. At its altitude all cultures are reconciled, all differences burned away like straw. Dr. Wu brings this truth home to us with a wealth of insight and charming human detail.

The Betrothed, by *Alessandro Manzoni, E. P. Dutton*. First of the important historical novels and one of the best. A love story set against the background of 17th-century Milan. A great cardinal, noblemen and their bravos, saints and sinners, famine and plague, take on ample life in this new translation. It has humor and something of the rare quality of Dickens.

The Gates of Dannemora, by *John L. Bonn, Doubleday*. At a time of crisis, Father Ambrose Hyland became chaplain of Dannemora prison. He found coldness and hatred there. How he built the splendid church of St. Dismas inside the walls and changed the lives of his hard-boiled flock has been set down by Father Bonn.

My Russian Yesterdays, by *Catherine de Hueck, Bruce*. Russia used to be called Holy Russia. God's Mother dominated existence in the home: everything was holy, from breadmaking to Easter eggs which spoke of eternity and resurrection. Catherine de Hueck has given us a lovely picture of the Russian people before communism came.

## BOOKS SELECTIONS OF CATHOLIC CHILDREN'S BOOK CLUB

147 E. 5TH ST., ST. PAUL 1, MINN.

Subscribers to this club may purchase at a special discount

Picture Book Group—6 to 9. Come to the City, by *Ruth M. Tensen (Reilly & Lee, \$2)*.

Intermediate Group—9 to 12. Columbus and His Brothers, by *Amy Hogeboom (Lothrop, \$2.25)*.

Boys—12 to 16. Moon Ahead, by *Leslie Greener (Viking, \$2.50)*.

Girls—12 to 16. Dark Sunshine, by *Dorothy Lyons (Harcourt, \$2.50)*.

Knowledge Builders. Famous Paintings, by *Alice Elizabeth Chase (Platt & Munk, \$3.50)*.

A MAN's faith gets a severe test when he finds himself in church with nothing smaller in his pocket than a \$5 bill.

G. Norman Collie in the *Saturday Evening Post* (8 Dec. '51).



## *This Struck Me*

*Some of us go through life without seeing much of the beauty of creation. Others of us have been taught to see it, and appreciate its meaning, a manifestation of the power and the glory of a God who is Beauty. Here, in All I Could Never Be,\* by Beverley Nichols, is an instance of a soul approaching God through the influence of His created works.*

It was inevitable, I suppose, that in the garden I should begin, at long last, to ask myself what lay behind all this beauty.

When guests were gone and I had the flowers to myself, I was so happy that I wondered why. At the same time I was haunted by a sense of emptiness. It was as though I wanted to thank somebody, but had nobody to thank; which is another way of saying that I felt the need for worship. That is, perhaps, the kindest way in which a man may come to his God. There is an interminable literature on the origins of the religious impulse, but to me it is simpler than that.

It is summed up in the image of a man at sundown, watching the crimson flowering of the sky, and saying to Somebody, "Thank you."

*\*Copyright, 1949. Australasian Press, New South Wales, \$3.75.*

[For similar contributions of about this length with an explanatory introduction \$25 will be paid on publication. It will be impossible to return contributions. Acceptance will be determined as much by your comment as by the selection.—Ed.]



## *I think we can* **AVOID WAR if**

we sponsor a Marshall plan of spiritual aid and comfort for the afflicted nations of this world with the same vigor that we carry on the program for distribution of money and material.

I have seen the unfortunate people of Korea struggling to overcome the ravages of war. Those poor people and those of all the other blighted

nations in the world need much more than mere material aid. They desperately need the divine light and guidance of our Lord.

If our nation is strong enough to set a shining example of spiritual health, and to effectively radiate some of it to the rest of the world, then lasting peace can become a reality.

Lt. D. A. Weaver, U.S.N.R.

[For similar contributions of about 100 words filling out the thought after the words, I think we can avoid war if, \$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts will not be returned.—Ed.]

# AMERICAN



# MEMORIAL

**N**INETY YEARS ago, when Abraham Lincoln was President, this country celebrated its Independence day amid the beginnings of a bitter struggle to determine whether it could endure as one nation.

That the United States endured is a tribute, in large measure, to the spirit of Lincoln. He was determined that the Union be preserved, and that it must not be half slave and half free.

Today, on an international basis, the same kind of struggle is in progress. Is this to be a world half slave and half free, and can it so exist in peace? Perhaps this thought is reflected on the faces of most visitors who enter the marble corridors of the Lincoln Memorial on the banks of the Potomac in Washington.

In the memorial, a 19-foot-high sculpture of Lincoln sits enthroned on a marble chair. Candid pictures show a few of those who pause to pay tribute. Each person seems to

*"In this temple, as in the hearts of people for whom he saved the Union, the memory of Abraham Lincoln is enshrined forever."*

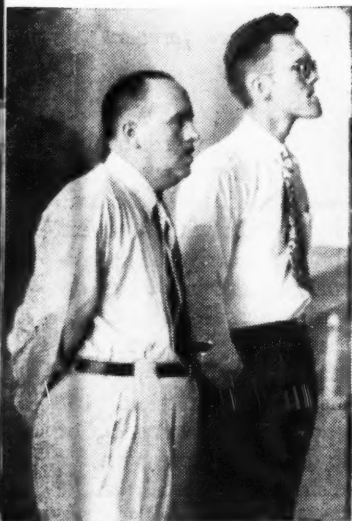
be pondering the sage words of this great President. Many may be recalling, "With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in . . . to do all which may achieve a just and lasting peace among **ourselves**, and with all nations."

Many also may have taken new determination that "government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

**A nun looks reverently at the impressive statue of Abraham Lincoln. The statue, in the national capital, was executed by an American sculptor, Daniel French, 32 years ago, in 1920.**



*Throughout the year, people from all parts of the nation, of every color, faith, and national origin come to see the man of the people.*



**Grim-jawed admiration is shown here.**

**Photographs  
by Metro**





**This family of three may have come thousands of miles to see a statue they will never forget.**



**Children find an inspiration in looking upon this most realistic figure of Lincoln.**



**Two visiting women gaze soulfully upon a sculpture that is one of the highlights of a visit to Washington.**

**To the Negro, naturally, there's no American President who is more important than the Great Emancipator.**



**Many persons, like this trio on the left, stand for long minutes without taking their eyes from the statue of the man called Honest Abe.**



# The Disk Jockey, Man of the Hour

*Too much jockey; too little disk*

By EDWIN O'CONNOR

Condensed from *The Atlantic*\*



*Edwin O'Connor is the author of a recently published book, The Oracle, the central character of which is an omniscient and thoroughly fraudulent network commentator.*

THE disk jockey, or chatter-platter man, who may be heard on almost every radio station as he spins his records and gabbles away, is a comparatively recent breed of cat.

He came into existence about 20 years ago, and at that time was one of radio's humblest toilers: a durable, often anonymous creature, given to few illusions about his status in life, and fully aware that he had been born, not of art, but of thrift.

To his employers, the early disk jockey had but a single positive merit: he represented the cheapest possible way of filling time on the air. The disk jockey knew this; it helped to keep him meek. His one function was to break up, at regular intervals, the flow of recorded music.

This was in accordance with the radio tradition that music, if uninterrupted by human speech, is somehow distasteful and really not entertainment at all.

In the pursuit of his simple, punctuative duties, the primitive disk jockey evolved a patter used by all of his kind, which, as a mark of professional identification, was as unmistakable as the cauliflower ear: "And now a lovely girl, a lovely song—yes, it's Sandra Gable and (pause) *Smoke Gets in Your Eyes*."

As radio entertainment has the advantage of being audible rather than visible, it was considered safe to dress up the show by referring to all feminine vocalists as "lovely" or "bewitching."

Lifeblood of the early disk-jockey program was the "request," particularly if the program were aired late at night. Post cards, telegrams, and telephone calls poured in from the more sentimental inhabitants of firehouses and lunch carts, asking that certain songs—"Our Song"—



be played on the air and dedicated to their various inamoratas. Thus, "And now for Gussie at the Jolly pharmacy, for Mildred at Harvey's bar and grill, from Frank, and Danny-boy, it's Guy Lombardo's version of that perennial favorite, *The Waltz You Saved For Me*."

Occasional visits of celebrities to the disk-jockey program were great events, for it was by association with the famous that the show acquired something of the flavor of the main tent. Touring band leaders were especially in demand; they usually responded, not unwilling to publicize their one-night stand in the disk jockey's territory.

For such an interview the disk jockey boned up by reading *Variety* or *Billboard*; the real *aficionado* might be found with a copy of *Downbeat* on his person. The band leader had only to remember to pepper the interview with his host's first name (to indicate palship), and to supply the automatic answers to the automatic questions.

He was delighted to be back in Wichita (Dallas, Providence, Des Moines); yes, he looked forward to seeing all his old friends that night at the Palais Royale ballroom (dancing 9 to 1); yes, there were some really great tunes coming along these days, and by a stroke of singular good fortune, he happened to have made records of same, which shortly would be available for public purchase.

This was all innocent, if relative-

ly mindless, endeavor, and—perhaps unfortunately—it is all in the past. The disk jockey of today is the high-compression type, geared to his times, profoundly aware of himself; he is light-years removed from his professional ancestor.

While at least equally gabby, today's product lacks the humble, obliging core natural to a man who night after night spends his hours spinning a succession of acetate disks for the lovesick many.

Today's disk jockey willingly accepts letters, telegrams, and particularly phone calls, but they are given short shrift until they touch upon a favorite topic.

"Hello, I'M ON THE PHONE!  
... Yes, honey, this is Sidney La Grange ... You want to hear what? ... I'm sorry, we don't play requests on this program—no—no—no ... WHAT WAS THAT?  
... You say you listen to me every night and you really should go to sleep but you're so interested you just can't turn me off? ... That's very wonderful of you to say that, honey, and I appreciate it, I really do ... What's that? ... You say I'm funnier than Milton Berle? ... I see. Well, look, doll, no one admires Milton any more than I do. I've known him for years and he's a Great American, but you just can't compare us. I mean, our *styles* are entirely different ..."

A telephone conversation of this kind is subject to indefinite prolon-

gation, now that the disk jockey has become a Personality, worthy of sustained discussion. As such, he is no longer confined to the realm of popular records in his talk; his range has grown with his stature.

In answering the phone, he talks at length and with confidence on any number of large matters. This disconcerts a good many people, including some of the guests who appear on his program. The band leader today is apt to have a hard time of it in his interview:—

**BAND LEADER:**

So as I was saying, Sidney, we open tonight at the beautiful Star-Bright ball-room for a short—

**DISK JOCKEY:**

Excuse me just a minute, Al. Hello, I'M ON THE PHONE! . . . Yes . . . What's that? . . . What do I think of sending American troops to Europe? Well frankly, honey, I think I may go along with the President on that one. Yes, yes—good night. Now, Al, what were we saying?

**BAND LEADER:**

Well, I was just saying, Sidney, that tonight we begin our three-day engagement at the beautiful—

**DISK JOCKEY:**

Pardon me, Al. Hello, I'M ON THE PHONE! . . . Yes . . . Yes . . . You say you listen to the program

every night and you think I'm great? Thank you, honey . . . What? . . . What do I think about capital punishment? I'm very much against it, doll. You should know that by now if you listen to this program as regularly as you say you do. Good night. Now, Al, how long are you going to be around these parts? Always good to see you.

**BAND LEADER:**

Thank you, Sidney, and I don't need to tell you how much I always enjoy being on the air with you. Ah—the point is, Sidney, I was saying that the boys and I open tonight at the—

**DISK JOCKEY:**

Hold it just a second, Al. Hello, I'M ON THE PHONE! . . . Yes. . . . You want to know what? . . . You say you want to know my personal opinion of Stalin? . . . I don't think we need to go over that again, doll. I mean, I think that by this time Joe Stalin knows just exactly what I think of him . . .

This is a far cry from the days of "a lovely girl, a lovely song," yet it is a logical departure, for with the new disk jockey, songs and vocalists, lovely or unlovely, are conspicuous by their relative absence.

As the disk jockey came to talk increasingly about himself and similar topics of global interest, something had to give; it was the music. The result: the average program of this nature today is a great deal of jockey and very little disk. Music has come to be very nearly as foreign, on these programs, as self-criticism.

This is discouraging, not only for itinerant band leaders, but also for those few remaining listeners naïve enough to believe that there should be some music on what is claimed

to be, but is not, a recorded music program.

And it still comes as something of a shock to many who, tuning in the radio, happen by chance across rich, authoritative baritone pronouncements on everything from fiscal distribution to man's final end, and discover that they issue, not from an archbishop or the head of the Securities and Exchange commission, but from the tireless larynx of Sidney La Grange, the new-found shepherd of Lombardo Land.



## *You Can't Tell the Hit Parade Without a Drum Majorette*

By OGDEN NASH

In Africa, it's the sirocco,  
Our equivalent is the disc jocko.  
The jocko's chatter is brisk,  
Four commercials to every disc.  
The commercials are Brahmses and  
Bachs

Compared to the discs he jocks,  
For instance, he cannot assuage  
His passion for Patti Page,  
That perhaps too talented elf  
Who sings quartets by herself.  
Thanks to scientific genius,  
She sings four parts simultaneously.  
If snowbound alone on a ridge,  
I suppose she could always play  
bridge,

But such multiple schizophrenia  
Is a vocal misdemeanor.  
Yet nothing delights the disc jocko  
Like Patti's quadruple echo.  
Her effect on disc jockos is radical  
Like blackstrap molasses or Hadacol;  
They will even curtail their chatter  
To spin you her recentest platter.  
What will hold me through Patti and  
the commercial?

It's only my middle-aged inertia'll.  
Thus grumbles this radio kibitzer,  
But I doubt that I jolt the jock discers.  
My opinions are flibberty-gibbertzer,  
And Coolidge peeks out through my  
whiskers.

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## My Husband, Don McNeill

*The wife of the famous breakfast-clubber tells why part of his program is spent in silence*

By MRS. DON McNEILL

as told to

ISABELLA TAVES

Condensed from *McCall's*\*



**E**ACH month my husband, Don McNeill, gets 10,000 letters. Every Christmas he gets 100,000 cards and 5,000 gifts.

Some of the letters are heart-breaking. He has been called upon in cases of illness when even doctors have given up. Some letters are chiding. He has been spoken to sharply even for saying "doggone." Some letters are wonderfully gratifying. Don has been with the network radio program, the Breakfast Club, for nearly 19 years.

The men and women who listen would rather give than receive. They have no interest in give-away shows. But when the Breakfast Club asks them to give a shower of cards or greetings to orphanages or hospitals or folks who need cheering, they respond by the thousands.

We know. It happened to us in 1947.

Of our three boys, redheaded Tommy is the hard-luck kid. At

seven and a half, while quarantined with scarlet fever, he had an emergency appendectomy. When he had such childhood diseases as mumps and chicken pox they were harder on him. And as he grew up, although he looked big and strong, he seemed to have a genius for breaking bones.

The polio bug hit just before Tommy's 13th birthday. He was paralyzed from the neck down. The doctors let Don see him for a few minutes in the early morning. I saw him for a longer period after lunch.

The first day, Tommy wouldn't look at me. He just lay there, with tears running down his cheeks. Even as a baby, Tommy had been the most cheerful patient. Even when I knew he was suffering he would bring out a grin for me. But now, when I tried to cheer him up, he wouldn't look at me. When I questioned, he didn't answer. Finally, although my time wasn't up,

I asked him if he wanted me to leave. He said Yes.

I crept home. Don was there. Although I had sent him off to play golf to take his mind off Tommy, he hadn't been up to it. Donny and Bobby, our other sons, were up in their separate rooms, not doing anything, just sitting. I called the family together. I told them we had to do something to cheer up Tommy.

That long afternoon we worked on a scrapbook. Don, who is a good cartoonist, drew pictures. Donny and Bobby and I clipped jokes and funny pictures from magazines. I fixed the family's favorite dinner, lamb chops, but none of us could eat. Then, doctor's orders or not, I decided we were going to deliver that scrapbook.

We all drove over to the hospital. Outside we flipped a coin to see who would sneak past the nurses. I lost. The job was mine.

I reached him without anybody stopping me. I gave him the scrapbook. I couldn't say anything. I just waited. Then he looked up and said, "Mom, do you know why I was crying this afternoon? I was afraid I was going to be paralyzed the rest of my life and be a burden to the family."

For a minute my throat closed up. Then I rallied. I told him that the McNeills wouldn't let anything like that get them down. If he had to have a wheel chair we'd get a red one and put flags on it. Finally he

smiled, a bright spreading grin.

For 10 days Tommy was paralyzed, but he kept on smiling. Donny and Bobby couldn't go to school. Don went down to Chicago (we live in Winnetka), did the Breakfast Club show, and came right home. He didn't dare tell anybody there about Tommy for fear he would break down. On each program he has a moment of silent prayer, and sometimes during it the boys and I would pray for Don as well as Tommy. On the tenth day Tommy could move a foot. The doctor said he would recover completely.

The next morning Don told his listeners how our prayers had been answered. More than 15,000 letters, cards, and gifts reached our son from the Breakfast Club audience.

I first met Don when we were at Marquette university in Milwaukee. We were married after what seemed a long engagement because in Don's sophomore year his father's furniture business failed. Don had to work to finish school. During his junior year he edited the yearbook, was president of his fraternity, and had a job at Milwaukee radio station WISN announcing and writing. After graduation, Don worked on the Milwaukee *Journal*, writing and illustrating a radio column, and announcing and writing on WTMJ. Later, Don edited the radio page on the *Courier-Journal* in Louisville, along with radio work on station WHAS

there. He didn't feel able to support a wife until a sponsor in San Francisco bought a comedy program, The Two Professors, he and a friend, Van Fleming, had devised. We married then but after only a few months The Two Professors program lost its sponsor.

Don and I got into our car, the one thing to show for the lush months of sponsorship, and drove to New York.

We didn't actually go hungry there, but our food budget was so small that many times I'd lie in our in-a-door bed dreaming of beef stew and fudge sundaes. We still had the car, but we couldn't afford gas. We finally decided we had better spend the last of our money getting back to Milwaukee, where Don knew people and had a better chance to land a job.

That was right after the 1933 bank holiday. Don got a job as a radio announcer and originated an evening show he called The Dinner Table of the Air. He wrote skits for it which involved a girl. As the studio wouldn't pay for an actress, and Don couldn't, I was elected.

I am not an actress. In occasional appearances on the Breakfast Club now I'm not too nervous, since Don is always there with a fast ad lib. But on The Dinner Table I had to try to act. Don glossed over obvious deficiencies by giving me all the funny lines. It was quite a shock when Don was fired in an

economy move and the manager told him he "could use the girl." I refused with thanks, and we went on to Chicago.

Years later, when Don got laryngitis, he reminded me of that offer. We had just returned from Europe, and everybody but Don had been sick. When the alarm clock went off one Monday morning he couldn't speak above a whisper. It was too late to get a substitute.

While I listened in horror, he rasped out, "Remember when I was fired but the manager wanted to keep you? You go down and do the show."

I did, and I wasn't afraid until it ended. But I was more firmly convinced than ever that Don was welcome to the job of career man for the family.

On June 23, 1933, Don took over an early morning broadcast on a Chicago station. It was called The Pepper Pot and renamed The Don McNeill Breakfast Club.

Don had to get up at 5:45 every morning. After a 40-minute elevated ride to the studio, he would arrive bleak and breakfastless to face an even more bleak assortment of musicians. They regarded the assignment as the Siberia of radio. Don's salary was \$50 a week. For this he did the Breakfast Club for an hour six mornings a week, filled in on some spare announcing chores, and also did a Saturday-night show. In between, he wrote the Breakfast Club show. He didn't



have the experience or the cast to help him ad lib, as he does now. It was hard work, and between paying rent and buying clothes we badly needed, we were often plain broke at the end of the week.

I'll never forget the day when Don came home grinning and handed me a \$5 bill.

"I got it in a letter from a woman," he said. "She thought I would like to bet it on a horse. But I figured you could spend it better." I bought groceries.

It was hard then, but I'm glad Don didn't give up, even though there were days when he was very discouraged. Last June, Don signed a contract unprecedented in radio: for 20 more years with the Breakfast Club.

During the last war, Don added the moment of silent prayer to his program, and asked listeners to pray for peace. It was included in the five or six minutes which we feel is the heart of the show, the playing or singing of a hymn, the reading of a piece of emotional poetry selected from favorites sent in by the audience, the Sunshine

Shower (his request that listeners send cards to certain charities or hospitals). After the war, he continued the silent prayer; for he discovered that many of his listeners, whether they had any formal religion or not, had found comfort in it. We have had letters from men and women who hadn't prayed since childhood.

But he has also been criticized for his innovation. After his new evening television show was announced, he got this comment: "I just hope you won't be stupid enough to inflict that moment of silent prayer on your television audiences like you do on the radio."

Don read the letter on his first TV show. The reaction was immediate and overwhelming. A letter came from an Ohio woman. She told Don, "You may be all the Bible some folks know." Another, from St. Paul, said, "I wonder each morning if I'll get by the day. One thing that has helped me is Don McNeill's Breakfast Club program. During his impressive moment of silent prayer I always ask God to help me. He has never failed."

### *Spiritual Inflation*

SOME years ago a scientific wit announced that the chemical elements in a human body had a market value of 98¢. Today researchers tell us that atoms in a human body have an energy potential of 11,400,000 kilowatt hours per pound, worth \$570 million, or a total of \$85½ billion for a 150-pound man. Thus, nuclear physics joins with nuclear psychology to proclaim that man, worth 98¢ before Hiroshima, is again of infinite worth.

From *Religion and the New Psychology* by Alson J. Smith (Doubleday; 1951).

# A Step Toward Lasting Peace

*The world revolution is on, and if we  
do not guide it, the communists will*

By JOHN FISCHER

Condensed from a book\*

ONCE I THREW a banana peel out the window of a train to a monkey sitting on the platform of a little station west of New Delhi. The monkey never got it; a pack of naked brown children beat him to it, and nearly clawed each other to pieces before the biggest gulped it down. Not a banana—just the skin; and this was not a famine area.

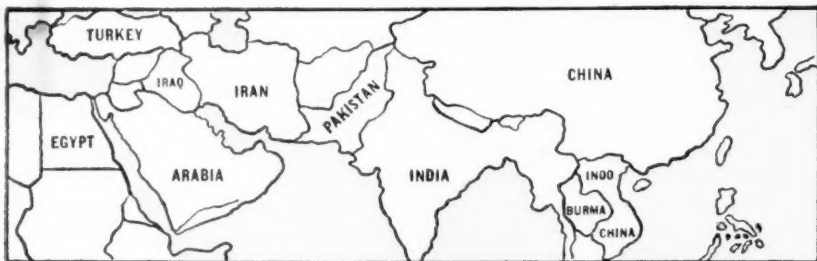
The people of Asia have suffered poverty and misrule for generations with fatalistic patience. Why, then, can't this old pattern last? Why are they now in revolt?

One answer is that the 2nd World War broke the pattern. When the Japanese overran Singapore, Burma, the Philippines, Indo-

China, and the East Indies, they ripped apart the already threadbare myth of white superiority. They lost the war; but their slogan "Asia for the Asiatics" won a permanent victory.

Another answer is that poverty in Asia is becoming unendurable, under the pressure of rising population. India, for example, has four million new mouths to feed every year—in a land where at least half the people already live on the knife-edge of starvation. Probably 80 million never once get a full belly from birth to the day they die.

A final answer is that the people of Asia have learned that they don't have to put up with starvation forever. We of the West



\*Master Plan-U. S. A. Copyright, 1951, by the author. Reprinted with permission of Harper & Brothers, 49 E. 33rd St., New York City 16. 253 pp. \$3.

taught them that misery is not an iron law of nature. Our missionaries, films, magazines, and visiting soldiers brought incendiary news: that it is quite possible for a farm family to earn more than 20¢ a day; that malaria, hookworm, and leprosy can be controlled; that a scratch with a wooden plow isn't the only way to cultivate weary, eroded soil. Their students came to our universities to study medicine and engineering; but the most important thing they carried home was the idea that patience is not always the answer to their woes.

The result was a surging demand for change in thousands of mud villages and vermin-ridden slums all the way from Cairo to Manila.

GENERAL MACARTHUR is not regarded as a radical. Neither is Nelson Rockefeller, the product of three generations of Republican millionaires.

Yet when MacArthur made his address before Congress on April 19, 1951, his first subject was "the revolutionary changes" sweeping Asia. Its people, he said, had "found their opportunity in the war just past to throw off the shackles of colonialism, and they now see the dawn of new opportunities." He asked America to give them "friendly guidance, understanding, and support," because "this is the direction of Asian progress and it may not be stopped."

A few weeks earlier, Nelson

Rockefeller urged this country to spend \$2 billion a year to "revolutionize" economics in undeveloped regions of the world.

These surprising remarks do not mean that MacArthur and Rockefeller have suddenly become touched in the head. They simply mean that both men have grasped a tremendous fact—a fact still not understood by enough people in Washington.

Revolution is boiling up right now in all Asia and the Middle East. The same kind of revolution is simmering in Africa and South America. There is no question of halting it. The only question is what direction it will take; whether it shall be made in Moscow or in the U. S.

The question is urgent, because the entire southern sector of our line of containment depends upon it. This part of the line stretches from the Mediterranean to the China sea. Today it is the weakest part. East of Turkey, there is not a single strong government in the whole 6,000 miles.

Nearly all fall into two groups. 1. Iran, Iraq, Afghanistan, Jordan, and Syria are feudalistic, tribal, semi-colonial societies in various stages of decay. 2. Israel, Pakistan, India, and Burma are new nations, which have not yet been able to get on top of their staggering assortment of problems.

The whole area is riven with feuds and hatred. Israel and the

Arab states still are technically at war; India and Pakistan are at dagger points over Kashmir; Burma is torn by a three-pronged civil war; 750,000 Arab refugees from Israel are starving, homeless, and increasingly bitter. Private terrorist organizations are more powerful than some of the regular parties, and assassination is a favorite mode of political expression.

Not one nation in the lot could resist a Soviet invasion for a week; most of them are hard put to keep order within their own households.

This vast stretch of the Middle East and South Asia cannot be reinforced with tanks and soldiers. We don't have enough, and if we did they wouldn't be welcome. The only way to hold it is for us to help carry through the revolution, fast, before the Russians can take it over.

The men in the Kremlin are confident that they can beat us to it. They did that in China, and the result was our worst defeat in the Cold War. They have skilled revolutionists, trained for years for this very assignment. They have a doctrine which can pull the hungry, resentful peoples of Asia like a terrible magnet. Their greatest advantage is that they know what they want, while we and our allies have not yet quite made up our minds.

But we have a revolutionary tradition older than theirs, and far more effective if we once decide to use it boldly. We also have the

means to make our kind of revolution bear fruit, quicker and more bountifully. The trouble is that not enough Americans have yet turned their minds to it."

**THE** revolution on our southern line of containment is not communist-inspired—not yet, anyhow. As MacArthur pointed out, "ideologies play little part in Asian thinking, and are little understood."

It is a revolt of colored people against centuries of domination by white imperialists. It is rebellion against feeble governments. But mostly it is a revolt against hunger, hopelessness, and humiliation. "What these people strive for," said the general, "is the opportunity for a little more food in their stomachs; a little better clothing on their backs; a little firmer roof over their heads; and the realization of their normal nationalist urge for political freedom."

**JUST** after the 2nd World War, most Asiatics believed that they could solve everything just by chasing out their European rulers. The Europeans left, sometimes gracefully, like the British in India, sometimes after a sullen struggle of the kind the Dutch put up in the East Indies. The English still cling to a few toeholds in the Middle East; but more than 500 million people have now won independence, and the colonial era has virtually come to an end through-

out the vast continent of Asia.

The Asiatics also have discovered that independence is not enough. It did not abolish hunger overnight, as many of them half expected. On the contrary, misery often increased, as inexperienced native governments wrestled with heart-breaking problems. Gradually some realized that they would have to push ahead into a deeper revolution, one that would break through the ancient crust of feudalism, caste, and wooden-plow economics.

To a few, communism looked like just the tool they needed. It had broken the crust in another backward land; and to hear the Soviet propagandists tell it, the results had been just wonderful. Besides, the communists had been the noisiest champions of the rebellion against colonialism. Hardly anybody in Asia seemed to know that America's quiet pressure had been largely responsible for prying the Dutch out of the Indies, or loosening France's grip on Indo-China.

Meanwhile, President Truman came up with an idea which history may record as his most constructive act of leadership. In his 1949 inaugural message, he called for "a bold new program" of American aid to raise the standards of life in the world's undeveloped areas. Because it was 4th on the list of things he talked about, it has become known as the Point Four Program.

As Mr. Truman saw it, those

parts of the world need two things we can supply. 1. Technical know-how in farming, industry, and development of their resources. 2. Capital investments to provide the tractors, roads, machine tools, and power plants necessary to put the know-how to work. He hoped that most of the money would be put up by private investors.

His statement sent a wave of hope through every capital in Asia. Here was a tool, they thought, that might serve better than communism in building their economic revolution. At long last, it sounded as if America had decided to quit fighting a rearguard action against the Soviets, and to launch an offensive of its own—a campaign of help, to counter the Russian campaign of hatred.

And then nothing much happened. The impatient millions in Asia waited for help that never came, or, at best, came only in a thin trickle. By 1951 the Bold New Program had not been entirely forgotten; but it was no longer new and certainly was far from bold. A splendid opportunity for American foreign policy had been sadly fumbled.

An example is Iran. A group of American technicians, called Overseas Consultants, Inc., was hired by the Iranian government several years ago to draw up a plan for rebuilding the nation's economy. They produced a first-rate blueprint, but the scheme never got off

the drawing board. It was sabotaged by the landlord-politicians, who didn't want anything to change, and by the thieves in office, who thought it would be a pity to waste hard cash on the common people.

Moreover, the oil royalties which were to finance the plan were held up in the Anglo-Iranian dispute; and Washington never offered money to replace them. It did negotiate a piddling \$25-million loan. In short, nobody did anything bold and decisive enough to get Iran's problems in hand before they reached the crisis stage.

**T**HE reason for our failure lies mostly with Congress. Many of its members have never understood the revolution bubbling up in Asia, nor have they learned that a tractor may sometimes be a better defensive weapon than a tank. As a result Congress has been hard put to find pennies for Point Four, although it has shoveled out money for tanks with both hands.

A year and a half after the President's speech, Congress came through with a grudging \$34.5 million to get the program started. Then it handed the job to the State Department, which long ago proved itself notoriously slow and timid in operations of this kind. Fortunately the Economic Cooperation Administration had an additional \$98 million for the same type of operations in Southeast Asia, and it has used it with notable results.

To nobody's surprise, private investors have not stampeded to invest in Persian railways or Calcutta factories. They can get a higher yield on their money right at home, plus far greater safety. Every dollar invested abroad is subject to tax by both a foreign government and our own; and it is constantly threatened by currency restrictions, the whims of Oriental politicians, and the nepotism and graft which are endemic throughout the East.

The upshot is that Point Four hasn't yet got much beyond the pilot-project stage. Some 350 technicians have gone into 30 countries, from the Himalayas to the Andes. They carry no money for capital investments. Their job is simply to spread American know-how, to spray swamps with DDT, design sewerage systems, lay out irrigation ditches, show peasants the rudiments of modern farming. The results, if one were to paraphrase Sam Goldwyn, have been colossal, in a small way.

Horace Holmes is the State Department's favorite example of what a hustling Point Four man can do. He is a former county agricultural agent from North Carolina. Two years ago he went to India to carry the torch of revolution, American style. His beat was 100 miles of starving, disease-riddled countryside near Mahwa.

He started quietly, showing the farmers one by one how to use an iron plow, a simple five-tooth

cultivator, a few handfuls of fertilizer. Next he introduced a new variety of wheat, Punjab 591, that increased the crop yield 43% the first year. Then he told them about crop rotation, and the yield went up another 20%. A new kind of potato more than doubled the harvest. As he gradually overcame the suspicions of the peasantry, his reforms began to spread.

The revolution, in short, is working. Dr. Henry G. Bennett, who heads up the Point Four work in State, estimates that it could increase India's food production by 100% in five or six years. But so far Holmes' experiment has touched only one tiny corner of a vast subcontinent. The agents who are spreading the Kremlin's brand of revolution outnumber him thousands to one.

Three or four times the amount of money now available could be spent, with great profit, on this kind of technical assistance. But any amount of know-how can't do the job by itself. There isn't much point in teaching an Indian peasant to use fertilizer and DDT until India can build the chemical plants to make them. A sound knowledge of modern farm machinery won't help him, either, until somebody puts up a few implement factories. And his bigger crops won't end famine until there is a road to move them to the starving towns.

All this means a stream of capital investment that no country in Asia

can possibly squeeze out of its own people. The average Indian, for example, earns only \$34 a year. For all the underdeveloped areas, the figure is about \$80. That kind of family budget obviously doesn't leave much margin for savings.

In Southeast Asia, ECA has provided a good deal of capital equipment, in addition to technical guidance of the kind that Holmes and other State Department people are furnishing in other areas. Formosa is its prize exhibit; the ravages of war there have been almost entirely repaired, and living standards of the ordinary citizens are now the highest they have ever known. Power plants, new highways, fertilizer factories, and a wide variety of light industries have set the island well on its way toward a modern economy.

The ECA funds are almost gone, however. How much more is needed? And where can the money come from?

The most reliable answers to these questions came from the International Development Advisory Board. It is a group of private citizens who spent more than a year digging into the problem at the government's request. The head of the board is Nelson Rockefeller. Its members include such hardheaded citizens as Harvey S. Firestone, Jr., James W. Gerard, John A. Hannah, and Thomas Parran. They say the job would take about \$3 billion a year. Of this sum, \$2.5 billion



would come from the U. S., the rest from our allies in Europe.

Our share would add up to only 1% of our national income, or about  $\frac{1}{20}$  of what we are spending for other kinds of defense. Any scheme that would enable us to hold 50% of the mileage in the line of containment for only 5% of the total cost is a bargain. Moreover, the board figured that only \$500 million would need to come out of taxes. The other \$2 billion, it suggested, might be put up by private investors, if they are encouraged a little, by relief from double taxation, for example, insurance against currency blockages, and certain new types of financial machinery.

The heart of this plan was accepted by the President, and handed along to Congress in his budget message of May 24, 1951. It was endorsed by most of the private organizations that knew anything about the problem, including the American council of the International Chamber of Commerce. Here, then, was a prize package of the very best foreign policy, designed by private experts, inspected by government professionals, and eagerly awaited by the customers abroad.

The only hitch is that Congress shows no inclination to buy it. Only strong public pressure, or very much more forceful leadership from the White House, can make the sale. Neither is yet in sight.

Even if the cash eventually can be found, Point Four will be no cinch to operate. Indeed, it promises to become one of the trickiest, and most challenging, undertakings of our generation.

One awkward detail is where to get the people for the job. Good engineers, agronomists, doctors, soil-conservation specialists, and chemists are scarce. Those who speak Urdu, Persian, or Burmese dialects, and can get along amiably with primitive peoples, are scarcer yet. They're not usually eager to trade good jobs at home for the discomforts of back-country Asia, plus a government salary.

The one thing that can fetch them in large numbers is idealism, the chance to make a lifetime career in the cause of humanity and peace. That means that the operation will have to be set up on a permanent basis, so that young people can dedicate their lives to it, from college on, with some assurance that the whole deal won't blow up in their faces.

The Rockefeller board realized this, and suggested the establishment of a permanent Overseas Economic Administration. It would open up a career service for agents of the American brand of revolution. The Kremlin already is 33 years ahead of us.

A bold Point Four program will be launched sooner or later.

The only question is: will it come in time?

# We Adopted a Five-Year-Old Boy

*Parenthood is love, and it can be bestowed at any age*

By ROSE MARY HILL  
Condensed from *Better Living*\*



**W**E had been married about two years, and had not been blessed with a child. We decided to adopt one.

But we learned quickly from child-placing agencies that about a million couples ask each year for children, while only about 75,000 children are available for adoption annually.

The placement supervisor was kind and sympathetic, but her first remarks, that day 11 years ago, were not encouraging. She looked at me keenly. Suddenly, she said, "There is one little boy whom we are very anxious to place in a permanent home. But he is five years old. Would you consider taking a five-year-old boy?"

A meeting was arranged. It was to be very casual, as though by accident, so that if it did not "take," the unknown little boy would not be upset.

Thus it happened that it was in front of a bear cage at the zoo we had our first glimpse of Tommy's bright brown eyes, red-gold

hair, and freckled nose. He was all that his picture had promised, and more.

We decided to get better acquainted. There were visits to our home. On the first visit he addressed us as "You Man" and "You Lady." On the second, although no word had been spoken of any possible plan, he called us "Daddy" and "Mommy." That got us. After the third visit we told the agency that if they would have us, we would have Tommy.

Adopting a child who is beyond the infant stage is a two-way process. Not only were we going to adopt Tommy; he also had to adopt us. Child-placing agencies are particularly careful to "match" older children with new parents. They talked with people who knew us well, and they talked with us together and separately. They tried to give us all possible information that would help us understand the lad who was to become one of us. They also had to satisfy themselves that

we had the maturity and adjustment to merit the great trust.

Tests showed Tommy's innate intelligence to be entirely satisfactory. But he had certain speech difficulties, not an impediment, but a babyish way of pronouncing some words. Could it be due to an unconscious lack of security? He seemed loath to give up infantile ways until quite sure of what lay ahead.

Just how the good people who gave us Tommy helped prepare him for the change I do not know. I do know that when he moved in, he came happily. He walked through the door with his characteristic light, tripping step, one hand in the hand of the agency representative, the other holding a little bunch of flowers. He gave me the flowers. "For you from my old mother," he said. By this he meant, of course, the foster mother with whom he had spent most of his previous existence. "I'm going to stay with you all days," he announced.

We went into the room which was to be his. He made a careful examination. "I like my new room," he decided, and sat down with a set of building blocks. The agency lady slipped quietly out the door.

That evening at dinner, Tommy looked at me over his milk. "We had fun today, didn't we?" he said. They were, above all other words, the words I would have chosen to hear.

All three of us, Tommy, his new father, and I, had much to learn about each other. For him everything was different: things we took entirely for granted, our ways of eating and dressing, our manners, friends, a new grandmother, new cousins.

I remember that first night telling Tommy the story of *Goldilocks and the Three Bears* when he was tucked in bed. He was enchanted. For weeks I had to tell it over and over at bedtime.

It did not take me long to learn that under the merry exterior there lay a deep insecurity. While Tom had obviously been happy in his foster home, still he must have sensed that it was not completely his. Now here he was in another new situation.

During that first summer he would stop his play half a dozen times a day and run to see if I was still there. "Nice Mommy," he would say. "I like you very much. Do you like me?" When my husband and I went out in the evening, he always asked anxiously if we were coming back.

Several times I woke in the night to find a small, still figure standing beside my bed. "It's very dark in my room," he would say. Then we would go together to his room, and I would sit beside him, giving names to the shadowy shapes around us until the "dark time" became as familiar and friendly as the day.

Little by little, our separate worlds merged. Tom learned that there were a thousand stories besides Goldilocks, and visits to the library became a favorite part of our schedule. He took to books as though he had thirsted for them, and went about quoting bits that for one reason or another had special appeal. "The captain will have something to say to you, my lad," was a household sentence for a long time. He quickly lost the baby talk and soon spoke like any other five-year-old.

"Does he know he's adopted?" is a question often asked. Today, most parents who have been wisely guided answer Yes. With us the question was academic.

"Why do children have to be adopted?" Tommy wanted to know. We told him as best we could that sometimes children's own parents died or could not care for them; and that then other people who loved children very much and who wanted children of their own were lucky enough to get them and make a new family. Such children are especially loved, because they have been chosen by their parents. Like many adopted children, Tommy went through a stage of being very proud of his "chosen" status.

Soon, of course, the fact of finding me there when he came home from school became strictly routine. I was just around, useful in case of a bruised knee, or on a rainy day.

The real point of getting home from school was to fly out again to play with the other kids. Which was as it should be.

Perhaps if we had been wiser or more experienced parents, we could have made Tom feel at home much sooner. When he was newly come to us, he craved continuous evidence of good humor and well-being. If I was serious or distracted, he came up to me anxiously, and pleaded, "Make a happy face." Yet no child, in any set of circumstances, can be completely spared pain and trouble. The important thing is that he feel himself part of the family group, share experiences, have a sense of belonging.

The first time Tommy's father felt the need of disciplining him, my heart was in my throat. But he reacted healthily, mad at first, then sorry, then shortly back to his normal, sunny self. I began to understand that the child who feels he truly "belongs" will accept your frailties, mistakes, even your occasional displeasure, if he is sure of your love.

Likewise you, the parent, must be prepared to encounter all the ups and downs that arise in every parent-child relationship.

The little boy of five who came to stay with us "all days" is now 16. One day he is a young man with all of a young man's insistence upon independence and privacy. The next day he is a child, leaving his clothes in a heap, munching

peanuts, popcorn or candy in bed.

Tom never asks me any more if I love him. He and his father gang up on me in strictly masculine fashion, and tease me about my Canasta game, my awkwardness with tools. A year ago, he decided I was an old fuddy-duddy. "Hiya, fud!" was for months his standard greeting. "Out of my way, woman!" he shouts, as he goes about the business of being an adolescent.

This summer, Tom and his father have spent much time clearing the woods behind our new, small, country home. It has seemed to me, watching them, that Tom himself is like a young tree, strong, erect, and supple.

It is true that we did not plant the seed, but we have had the inestimable privilege of nursing the young sapling. The best of parenthood has been ours in full measure.

## *Flights of Fancy*



Snowflakes dancing to the waltz of the wind.—*Sharon M. LaLonde.*

Forgiveness: perfume of the violet on the hand that crushes it.—*M. C.*

Blush: a flush in the pan.—*M. D.*

Light from the street lamps printed windows on the ceiling.—*Paul Horgan.*

The boat walked towards us upon the sea with her long oars.—*Joseph Conrad.*

The snow fell as if the very heavens were being dusted.—*Lillian Pakosta.*

Advertising increases one's yearning power.—*Noel of Maywood.*

Eyes that not only swept the room but polished the furniture for you.—*M. D.*

Sunlight running up the beach on the heels of a cloud.—*F. G. P.*

Lantern light buttering the snow.—*Alfred McGarry.*

Geese writing their change of address in the autumn sky.—*Inez Stinchcomb.*

Sea receding with little curtsies.—*Franz Werfel.*

Baby: part-time angel. — *Hanes Sleepers.*

Overeating: the destiny that ends our shapes.—*Mary C. Dorsey.*

Anger melted in her mouth and ran down into her heart.—*Georges Bernanos.*

The baby stretched out her little legs and offered me a bouquet of toes.—*H. E. Reece.*

[Readers are invited to submit similar figures of speech, for which \$2 will be paid on publication. Exact source must be given. We are sorry it is impossible for us to acknowledge or return contributions.—Ed.]

# Boston's Archbishop Cushing

*He wields great power, but it is always on behalf  
of God and goodness*

By JOSEPH F. DINNEEN

Condensed from *Collier's*\*

**T**HE FIERY Father Mortimer Twomey came upon his favorite 16-year-old altar boy standing in a horse-drawn wagon, giving a political talk.

He acted. Face red, eyes blazing, and arms flailing, he pulled young Richard Cushing down by the legs and grabbed him by the neck. Then he lifted the toe of his substantial boot forcefully to the base of Richard's spine. "You'll either be a priest or a politician!" he roared. "Make up your mind!" Richard Cushing made up his mind to be a priest. That was 40 years ago. The kick was Cushing's first lift up the ladder to the position he now holds. He is Archbishop of Boston, second largest Catholic diocese in population in the U.S.

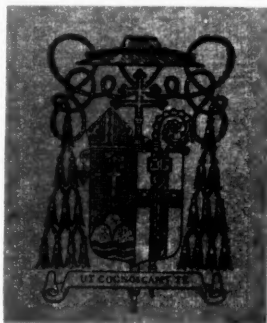
The man he was speaking for, Donald W. Carey, won. And Cushing still understands Boston politicians and politics. His

personal popularity is stronger than that of any other figure on the local scene. For more than 30 years he has been appearing before Catholic and non-Catholic groups.

Thousands of Bostonians "knew him when" he sat in their club-rooms talking baseball, or stood in the kitchen at women's gatherings and complimented the cook. Elderly Irishwomen who then called him "Father" were at the same time likely to look upon him as "son."

William Cardinal O'Connell died in April, 1944, after a 37-year tenure. Men and women then in middle age could not remember when

the cardinal had not been head of the Church in Boston. And Cushing's rise from monsignor to archbishop took place in less than five years. This is hardly a moment as the Church measures time. To the Boston laity it was as though a private in the ranks



\*640 5th Ave., N. Y. City 19. Nov. 10, 1951. Copyright, 1951, by Cromwell-Collier Publishing Co. Reprinted by permission of *Colliers*.

had been jumped to commanding general.

The old order was conservative, slow-moving and cumbersome. It was short-based financially; it ventured only warily into social welfare and reform to prevent crime, aid for the sick and insane, the poor and aged. The new order, by contrast, features streamlined financing, multimillion-dollar organization and administration.

The cardinal was an aristocrat, an aesthete, composer of music, collector of art. The archbishop has the hardheaded practicality learned among the South Boston tenements, and has never forgotten that he was born in one.

A gentleman once wished him to visit a home for the aged. "May I wear this Prince Albert or must I come in the tall miter, the red vestments, and carry a crozier?" the archbishop asked.

"This is probably the only chance they ever will have to see a real archbishop all dressed up," the man pleaded.

Cushing nodded. "Okay," he said. "I'll be there—and they'll get the whole show."

The tongues of toastmasters slip often during introductions. At various functions, he has been presented as "His Excellency, the Archbishop of Boston, Dick—I beg your pardon—Richard Cushing." He is known as Dick so widely that the mistake is understandable.

Long before he became archbish-

op, people came for miles to hear Cushing, and shelled out generously when he asked for money. Sales managers studied his techniques, and sent their staffs to do likewise.

The archbishop's background provides no clue to the origins of his sense of leadership. His mother, Mary Dahill, left her native village of Tournegehee, in County Waterford, as a steerage passenger aboard the Cunard liner *Pavonia*, in the late 80's. The oldest of six children, three boys and three girls, she was soon sending money back to Ireland to "bring out" the remaining Dahills.

The archbishop's father, Patrick Cushing, had already come to South Boston from Glenworth, County Cork. Patrick met and married Mary. They had five children. Richard was the third. His playgrounds were congested city streets, near-by City Point beach, and the Boston Elevated's carbarns a block away. His father worked at a carbarn forge, repairing wheels.

Richard attended public elementary schools, Catholic Boston College High school and Boston college. He worked during spare hours, Saturdays and vacations, as water boy for railway construction gangs. He was rated a good infielder and batter on the high-school baseball team; and he might have developed as a player if debating and public speaking had not taken up so much of his time. He was just getting experience when Father



Twomey hauled him from the wagon.

As a BC undergraduate in 1915, he was buttonholed on a streetcar by one of his many first cousins, John P. Kenneally. The cousin, then a night-school law student, urged him to go into insurance.

"Not for me." Cushing shook his head. "I'm going to be a priest. That's what I've always wanted to be, ever since I was a kid."

From Boston college, Cushing transferred to St. John's seminary. There it was obvious almost immediately that he held more promise as an administrator than neighborhood padre. He was charged in his first year with the affairs of the Propagation of the Faith (a worldwide mission group) among the student body. He shot collections upward out of all proportion to previous records.

He was ordained in Boston's Holy Cross cathedral in May, 1921, by William Cardinal O'Connell, to whom he appeared as just another face among the many. He celebrated his first Mass in St. Eulalia's, with his grandmother, mother, father, sisters, brother, aunts and a directory of other relatives looking on. Then he left for his first assignment as a curate in St. Patrick's, Roxbury, almost within walking distance of his home. Two months later, he was on his way to St. Benedict's, on the other side of the city. That, too, was a short tour.

Out of the seminary less than a

year, 26-year-old Cushing was channeled to the administrative side of the Church. He was appointed assistant director of the diocesan office of the Propagation of the Faith, and remained there for 18 years. He roamed the archdiocese constantly and was heard by almost everybody in it. The funds that flowed to the missions were a torrent compared with the trickle before he took over. He was appointed director when he was 33, and made a domestic prelate with the title of monsignor 11 years later.

The investiture of a monsignor can be a great spectacle. Cushing received the papal honor in his office on downtown Franklin St. He casually made the minor change to a monsignor's rabat. Then he looked around, said simply, "That takes care of that," and went back to work. Two months later he was consecrated auxiliary bishop. While he soaked up the larger financial and physical details of the archdiocesan structure, he served as pastor of Sacred Heart church in Newton, a few miles from the cardinal's residence.

When the cardinal died, Auxiliary Bishop Cushing was named diocesan administrator. The following September, he was made archbishop, and took over the archdiocese. Next day he walked into the late cardinal's stone mansion in swank Chestnut Hill. Although it was intimately familiar to him, he surveyed it with new eyes. Its long

marble corridors always had reminded him of bowling alleys.

He dismissed the cardinal's valet and Japanese servants. He would dress and serve himself. Next he notified the telephone company that the number was no longer to be unlisted. He would talk to callers personally. Later, he found that it was, after all, wiser to have it unlisted.

Cushing walked through the halls and corridors of his new home, examining the beautiful oil paintings. He was computing how much they would sell for, and how many young men he could send to the seminary on the money so realized. The archdiocese he envisioned would need many more priests, and art would have to be of a much more practical nature. The mansion, he decided, would not only be his residence; it also would be a home of study for selected priests he would send to Harvard and MIT for special courses.

The new deal was apparent almost immediately. The cardinal's residence always had been a show place. Now, visitors were astonished to discover that the paintings had disappeared, along with the carved wood and ivory antiques. Instead, the house was filled with priests, drawing boards, and blueprints.

Cushing's large plans made both his clerical and lay advisers apprehensive; but he knew better than they how much money he could raise—and how. He had been doing

it for years for the Propagation.

During seven years he has spent more than \$25 million building hospitals, schools, and academies. The sum does not include churches, chapels, oratories, nor charitable services like feeding an average of 700 men a day on Boston's Skid Row. Not a penny is owed on any diocesan building now completed. Currently, Cushing is building six new hospitals, two colleges, four central high schools, \$5 million worth of additional elementary schools, a new junior seminary to cost \$1,600,000; and chapels at the Boston airport, on the water front, and in rural areas to cost \$300,000.

He has adopted streamlined fundraising techniques, similar to Red Cross and Red Feather pledge cards. Each card represents an obligation to pay a specified sum, however small or large, divided into equal payments throughout the year.

Nor is this Cushing's only application of modern techniques in fund raising. Some of the biggest spectacles each year are staged in the Boston Garden to raise money for his charities. Singer Dennis Day, Bob Hope, Jimmy Durante, Ted Mack and his Original Major Bowes Amateur Hour, Fred Waring and his Pennsylvanians, Perry Como and Jerry Colonna have come to Boston; and Cushing has shared the stage with them.

Each year Msgr. Ralph Gallagher stages the city's biggest horse show to raise money for the archbishop's

charities. During each season, the archbishop's charity fund gets the proceeds of one race at the Suffolk Downs, Foxboro, and Rockingham tracks.

At the same time, propagation of the faith, Cushing's first enthusiasm as a seminarian, has never flagged. Within the archdiocese he reaches out for converts by radio, TV, in his public appearances, and through the Catholic press. He has also brought to Boston the Paulist Fathers, whose chief concern is conversions.

One of Cushing's first acts as archbishop was to take the *Pilot*, a diocesan weekly, from under wraps. Cushing made its editor, John S. Sexton (and later Father Francis P. Moran and Francis J. Lally), editor in fact as well as in name. He wanted readers to buy it not because they "ought" to but because they liked it. Within six years its circulation quadrupled to 80,000.

Cushing's day is from 6 A.M. until whatever hour he gets through. He says Mass at 6:30 in his private chapel. He recites the Rosary three times a day, each time before a microphone for a different Boston radio station. He has said Mass before television cameras for shut-ins and such non-Catholics as may care to look on. He presides at a televised Mass on Christmas Eve and a special Mass on Easter Sunday. He spends much of each day in his car going from one function to another; he also holds office hours at

the archbishop's residence. Visitors there often are disconcerted to find him answering the doorbell in person.

The archbishop is an irregular eater and a problem to the cook. Often when he leaves the house in the morning, he takes a basket lunch. Usually, he returns at 6 or 7 to the house, where two stenographers are waiting to help him with the day's mail.

He appreciates gifts from wealthy benefactors; but he holds out no such bait as honorary degrees from diocesan colleges or Church honors. His solid financial base is in the Catholic guilds and organizations in every business, industry, craft, and public service within the metropolitan area: guilds of schoolteachers, telephone operators, post-office workers; plant men, State St. brokers, the beverage industry. Each sets its own quota. The Guild of the Beverage Industry, for example, gives him as much as \$50,000 a year. All money so raised goes into a common Archbishop's Charity Fund. The archbishop alone determines how it will be spent.

Politics and the Boston archdiocese are inevitably tied together in the national public mind. The city proper, according to diocesan census, is 74.3% Catholic. Boston's mayors have been Catholics with few exceptions for 40 years. The state's governors have been Catholics more than half the time for 20 years.

The archbishop has not tried to manipulate politics either on stage or from the wings. He did champion Fair Employment Practices legislation. He told the 63rd convention of the American Federation of Labor, "It is fashionable nowadays to accuse spokesmen for religion who have the courage to give moral advice of 'meddling in politics.' Is it 'politics' if you put your finger on the actual vices of the hour and dare to preach against the evils on which the big shots are growing fat?"\*

In a little-noticed address to a Holy Name convention, Cushing admonished priests to remember that parish groups are lay bodies, and must have lay leaders.

To deny that the Catholic Church in Boston is politically powerful in the city and state is ridiculous. The archbishop is a power on Beacon Hill, the seat of government; but his power is silent, and rarely involves a written or spoken word. It would take a brash authority to license a bar or night club handy to one of his churches, convents, academies, schools or hospitals. Censors never consult him about a play, movie or book; they know he would be astonished to be asked to define morality for them. He and his clergy have defined it so well and often that suggestive TV programs have much lower ratings in Boston than elsewhere.

\*The title of the address was *I Am One of You*.—Ed.

Because the archbishop's influence on politics and government is confined to the realm of spiritual guidance, he can do nothing about specific acts of graft and corruption; though both almost certainly brush Catholics, who man most city and state public offices. There has been plenty of evidence of that on both governmental levels, and a cleanup has become the first mission of Catholic Action in Boston.

One of the sharpest of recent non-Catholic criticisms, Paul Blanchard's book, *American Freedom and Catholic Power*, was listed in Catholic newspapers and magazines as "totally objectionable for general reading." This directive made it clear that it was not banned for students, who read it widely and discussed it in Catholic schools and colleges, nor for scholarly adults. The clergy found the book variously irritating or amusing. The laity found it galling.

Archbishop Cushing summed it up this way. "What have the Catholics of this country ever done that their loyalty should be called in question by anyone? Have we ever taken up arms against our government? Have we ever plotted for its overthrow? Is a century or more of loyal conduct no argument in favor of the Church in this country?"

"With almost 30 million Catholics, we exercise less influence on the thought and legislation of this country today than some of the

weakest of the Protestant sects, though we number almost half of the active membership of all churches combined. Catholic religious power is therefore great, but it is false and vicious to talk of Catholic 'political' power."

Archbishop Cushing has no patience with religious prejudice, and will tolerate none. Where local anti-Semitic episodes have involved Catholics, he has ordered pastors and clergy into homes for harsh, straight talk with parents and children.

Tall, erect, with thinning hair combed back without a part, Archbishop Cushing at 56 is the soul of dignity in the red robes of office as the head of a procession. He is, unless his eyes fall on a badly clothed urchin on the side lines. Everything halts then while he walks over, pats the boy (or girl) on the head, stoops and asks, "What's your name and where do you live?" He memorizes it, returns to the procession, and at the first opportunity dictates it to a member of his entourage. The wheels of Catholic social service spin quickly. By the time he arrives back at his residence that night, a complete report is waiting for him. The report gives the child's circumstances, and an account of what has been done about it. The archbishop is a hard man to keep in overcoats. He is forever stopping his car to hand them over to shivering strangers down on their luck.

Once, after he consecrated six Marist priests in the splendor of a cathedral ceremony, they stood in awe of him in the sacristy. He disconcerted them by humbly getting down on his knees, just as they had prostrated themselves before him earlier, and asking their blessing.

Lest lines queue up to kiss his episcopal ring, he departs from ceremonies quickly, hands clasped over his head. This is his symbolic personal handshake in farewell. If an elderly man or woman tries to bend a knee to kiss the ring, he is quick to put his hands under their elbows to prevent it, and raises the ring to make it unnecessary.

Like the governor or mayor, police headquarters or the water front, the archbishop is covered 24 hours a day by all Boston newspapers. When he was first elevated, a conference was arranged with the press to agree on rules. He would furnish a daily schedule and itinerary and keep them posted in advance on newsworthy callers. Above all, he would wait for photographers to be present.

He always has honestly kept his word. "Let's wait for the photographers," has become a refrain at public gatherings.

Archbishop Cushing expressed the goal of all his activities to a woman who once approached him after a speech. "When my time comes," he said, "I hope the blessed Mother takes me 15 minutes before the devil knows I've gone."

# Rifleman in Korea

*Watching and waiting;  
fighting and dying*

Based on an article in  
*Newsweek*\*



THE Big R, rotation, finally came for Bill Smith, rifleman, shortly before the peace talks began in Korea.

Back home now, memory often takes him back to his days in the foxholes, although he doesn't talk about them much. Sometimes he looks twice at the clothes he wears, the food on his plate, the girl he loves, to reassure himself that he is really home.

Often, crawling out of bed in the morning, half awake, he wonders if the clean bedsheets aren't only part of a pleasant dream. Under the buddy system, he and another man (watcher and sleeper) would share a foxhole. When Bill was sleeper, he would change his socks to prevent frostbite, stuffing the wet pair between his sweater and long johns to dry them out with body heat. Then he would slump into a nylon-lined, feather-stuffed sleeping bag. Bill was lucky: his sleeping bag had a full rather than a half zipper. It was easier to jump out of; and more than once that saved his life.

When he was a watcher, he was kept awake by cold and communists alike. He always kept a round in his rifle chamber, and a two-part password, maybe "Movie Star," in his memory. He and his buddy stood two or four-hour shifts.

But this 50% alert was possible only if their sector was quiet. If they expected a counterattack, both stayed awake. As a matter of fact, neither of them got much shut-eye.

Going to bed, for Bill, is sometimes just as much a reminder of bitter nights in Korea as is his getting up. As he pulls the quilts over himself, he remembers the poncho he used to drape over his foxhole to keep out the snow. The colder the weather or the hotter the shell fire, the deeper he dug his foxhole. He pitied the fellows over on the bald hilltops, where making foxholes was a rock-chipping job, done not with the old entrenching tools, but with new pick-axes.

Sizzling bacon and eggs and golden toast remind Bill of other breakfasts, in Korea. Before first light, Bill and every other GI al-



ways had to be ready to fight again. Since an ebony-like blackout shrouded his foxhole all night, he would have to breakfast on whatever he could chip loose from a frozen can of sausages or stew.

Even at that, his C rations were much better than those of the 2nd World War. They included powdered milk, and such staples as three kinds of beans, all pretty popular, corned-beef hash, unpopular, ham and lima beans, and hamburgers and gravy, as well as cigarettes. Many men preferred to eat C rations rather than use field kitchens, which might be spotted and shelled. During daylight, when they had time to eat, they used "heat tabs" (canned heat) to warm their rations.

A deep sense of appreciation engulfs Bill every time he steps into his gleaming tile shower, with hot and cold water at his fingertips. Bill, in common with all the other GI's had little use for water in Korea, except for their own canteens, which they kept from freezing by keeping them inside their uniforms or sleeping bags. As for bathing, most GI's had to stay dirty until pulled back, but luckily the Korean cold always kept even the most unwashed from offending. "Nice stuff," Bill muses, as he applies his after-shaving lotion.

Infantrymen who earned their combat badges during the 2nd World War and were pulled from the reserve to man shovels and

rifles in Korea call the Korean war the worst yet. Bill agrees with them. He knows how bitter cold brings a morale-eroding sense of isolation.

"One-sixth of each division," Bill told friends who plied him with questions upon his return home, "lives in the front-line foxholes at any average time. Sometimes the riflemen are not relieved for an entire month.

"Normally, the GI's get to go back after one week of front-line nightmares. This means, perhaps, only a bare half-mile back for a single day or night of 'hitting the rack.'" That's what they now say for "hitting the sack."

Relief also meant clean clothes for Bill and his buddies; hot food; repairing weapons; swapping Red pistols and paper money as souvenirs; writing letters, under official prodding, if necessary; and reading a pocket mystery or magazine. Then—back to the foxholes.

After some five to seven weeks of this back-and-forth routine, Bill's whole regiment or sometimes the entire division would be pulled back into reserve for about a week. They would play football or go hunting with army-issued shotguns. In November, two corporals went out for pheasants near Kumsong, and came back with two Chinese prisoners.

At long last, Bill's turn came for R & R (Rest and Recreation), on a strict seniority basis. When word came, the GI would go, even if his



unit was launching an attack. Bill was flown to Tokyo for five days. He thinks of Tokyo as a wonderful "leave town." The five days up, Bill started all over again in Korea, with only peace or rotation to look forward to.

But the Big R, rotation, was always the big topic of conversation for Bill and his buddies. It even topped baby-san, the girl back home. The meaningless future that might lie ahead gnawed constantly,

even in their subconscious minds. Bill's turn to come home couldn't come soon enough.

Now he is home, his finger no longer crooked around his rifle trigger, and far from ice-lined fox-holes, bursting grenades, keen-edged communist steel, and spurting blood. But he mustn't think of those things any more, else the feeling will creep over him again and again that he is just living a wonderful dream.

### *The Greatest Gift Ever Given*

**H**AVE you donated any of your lifeblood for the lifeblood of another?

Soldiers spilling their blood upon the field of battle for a just and worthy cause are proving their generosity, love, and devotion for their country. We who cannot exercise this heroic act of patriotism can participate in it by the gift of our blood for theirs. And in giving it for people unknown to us, and renewing the gift, we will be sacrificing ourselves proportionately as they are doing.

Although a few citizens have recognized this urgent need, most are leaving unanswered the desperate calls for blood to replace that blood pouring forth on torn Korean hillsides. To keep a safe supply of blood and plasma flowing to the Korean battlefield, the Armed Forces need 300,000 pints a month; they are getting only 150,000. The Army's reserve sup-

ply is running out, and if it vanishes entirely, men will die who might otherwise have lived.

The average 2nd World War casualty received one pint of whole blood and one pint of plasma, but the average wounded man in Korea gets four of blood and two of plasma. This lavish use of blood is paying off in lives saved. The death rate for Korean wounded is roughly half that of the 2nd World War. Maj. Gen. Erskine Hume, chief surgeon for the 8th Army, said, "We literally pour blood in sometimes, but we've saved lives, and that's what counts. Of every 1,000 wounded brought into our hospitals, 983 walk out alive."

Christ himself is pre-eminently our example in this matter of blood donation. He shed his precious blood for the life of our souls. We, in turn, can shed ours for the physical life of another.

*Chaplain S. J. Ryczek.*

# A Rich Man Builds a Church

*Bigotry boomeranged into a conversion  
and a perfect gift*

By ERNEST W. BOXALL

Condensed from the *Southern Cross*\*

**I** saw it in *Paris Soir*, as I was sipping my pre-dinner *apéritif* on the terrace of the Cafe Madrid in Paris. It was the bare announcement that Maurice Carling, my old friend and millionaire owner of British Transport, United Cinemas, and various other enterprises, had been received into the Catholic Church.

Carling was about the last person in the world I would have expected to follow my example and seek admission into the Church. As boys, we had both attended the same grammar school in a small Kentish town, but, out in the world, our careers had differed enormously.

Carling had made money, for he had a positive flair for finance, whereas I had gone in for journalism, and, although I had made but little money, had certainly enjoyed life.

My old friend had never taken the slightest interest in religion: in fact, I doubt whether he had entered a church since leaving college.

His great decision intrigued me no end.

When next in London, I found that Carling had given up his London flat and had gone to live at Hillbrow, a smallish town some 40 miles out of town. I put a phone call through. Carling answered it himself and gave me a warm invitation to stay with him over the week end.

Hillbrow turned out to be a nice old town, with gray houses, narrow streets, and quite a number of fine old inns. Then, as I walked from the station, I saw the Temple.

It was one of the ugliest buildings I had ever seen, a big red-brick edifice in the worst possible taste. It had a Grecian portico, an Italianate campanile, and a tremendous dome. Over the porch was a life-sized figure of a ferocious St. George slaying a remarkably mild and inoffensive-looking dragon. To my surprise, I saw on the notice board that it was the Catholic Church of St. George.

Inside, it was not so bad. The sanctuary was very ornate, and there was an immense high altar of white marble. The two side chapels

\*11 Hope St., Capetown, S. Africa. Sept. 19, 1951.

were in a style equally grandiose. "Carling," I thought. "Blank check to an ecclesiastical firm with the order to spare no expense whatsoever."

It wasn't a bad guess. When I had found his pleasant little bungalow my host told me about it after dinner.

It began, he said, when one of his agents informed him that there was a building in Hillbrow on the market, which would make a first-class cinema. It had been built by a wealthy old lady for the Saints of God, a new sect started by a clerical adventurer who had appeared in Hillbrow.

Unfortunately, within a couple of years, the pastor proved to be anything but a saint. He left Hillbrow hurriedly, and the Temple closed down, its members returned to various churches they had deserted for the exciting new religion. Then the old lady died, and her nephew promptly put the Temple on the market.

Carling went down to Hillbrow, saw the Temple, and bought it. It was quite a new building, and with very little alteration would have made an excellent cinema, far superior to the town's lone one.

Carling decided to spend a couple of nights in Hillbrow, to settle affairs with the agent, and because he had taken a fancy to the place. In a few hours, the agent had sold him the bungalow along with the Temple.

Returning from the bungalow grounds to the inn with his agent, Carling noticed a large poster. It was headed, "Rome Routed in Hillbrow." Below was announced a special thanksgiving service to be held at the tabernacle near by that evening. He asked the agent what it was all about.

The man shrugged his shoulders. "Pastor Clymping has bought up the little tin shack that the Catholics use as their church. It's only been going for about six months; there is a young priest, Father Redmond, in charge, and I hear that he has made quite a few converts. He could rent only the shed, and there wasn't another building available in Hillbrow."

Carling nodded. "That's rather an awful story."

Carling told me that he went round to the meeting after dinner. The place was full, but he was not impressed. "There was an unholy joy about the whole show," he related. "It put me to thinking about religion for the first time in years."

That night he was greatly troubled. Somewhere, he thought, there existed a real religion, a religion he certainly hadn't found in that hate-filled tabernacle.

The next evening he forced himself to the Catholic church, a miserable little affair, tucked away in a side street. He went in.

An obviously sorrowing priest moved into the sanctuary as Carling entered and turned to his little

congregation. "We will say the five Sorrowful Mysteries for the intention that our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament will not be banished from Hillbrow, but will find a worthy habitation." The pleading voices rose in supplication, and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament followed.

As the priest left the altar, a change came over Maurice Carling. "I got the idea somehow, right at that moment, that here was the real thing," he told me. "That old Sunday-school text, 'What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul,' burned back into my mind. I knew then that religion was necessary for a man, that there was something missing from my life."

He went back to London the next morning. That evening he called at the presbytery of a large church. Always a man of action, he put himself under instruction straight away, and was received into the Church six months later.

"I became a Catholic about three weeks before Father Redmond's eviction was to come off," he told me.

"But I had made preparations for that, too. I decided to present the Temple to the Church as an act of thanksgiving. I put my architect onto the job. It was all hush-hush. I sent down workmen all sworn to secrecy, and always kept the doors locked. I got the altars and statues direct from Italy, and the east win-

dow is a replica of the one in Troyes cathedral."

The Hillbrow folks were convinced that Carling was preparing a real ace cinema for them. He admitted they were a little mystified by the tower, not knowing he was installing a fine set of bells. He went down to Hillbrow then to take over the bungalow.

The first evening he went to the ramshackle little church for Benediction, and Father Redmond gave a short sermon. He was depressed, but still hope had not died. He urged the people to pray more.

Carling was a little ashamed of himself. He had not told Father Redmond of his plan.

"I went round to the sacristy," he told me, "and introduced myself. Father Redmond was very nice despite all his troubles, and immediately agreed to come around with me that evening to bless my house.

"As we passed the Temple, I got out the key to the door and said to Father, 'Come in and have a look at the new cinema.'

"When we got inside he just gasped. I grinned and said, 'Nice little church, eh Father?'

"Then I pulled the deeds from my pocket, and said, 'I have much pleasure in handing this church over to the bishop via yourself!'

"Poor Father Redmond; he nearly had a heart attack. He stood there tongue-tied, and tears came into his eyes. Then he knelt down and prayed silently."

# The Dove of True Peace

*The story of sacrifice leads from  
Abel to Christ*

By DAMASUS WINZEN, O.S.B.

Condensed from *Orate Fratres\**



DON'T get it. I've read the books you gave me. I've studied. I've talked with my friends. I've even prayed, as you suggested. But I just don't get it."

Roger Smith's frustration was a flat taste in his mouth, like too many cigarettes on an empty stomach. He had come in with an armful of books. He was ready to leave with his books, and with nothing else.

Professor Jones lighted his pipe. A lot of the youngsters of Chester college came to see Jones. He was, they said, a regular shirt, no stuffing. And he talked man to man.

"Give me a chance," said Professor Jones. "Let me get hold of one, any one thing you don't get."

"Well, take that scene in the New Testament. Christ is baptized in the Jordan, and John sees the Holy Ghost descend on Him in the form of a dove. That just doesn't make any sense to me. It is just plain silly. What, in heaven's name, has a dove got to do with God or

me or the price of the atom bombs?"

"OK, Smith, let's talk only about the dove. I warn you, though, it's going to be tough going, and you are going to end up having to read a lot more books than you returned just now.

"For this you go back to the Book of Genesis. You should read all of Leviticus, too, but you probably would not, in your present mood. Genesis will do, because then you find the spiritual meaning of the intricate legislation on sacrifice.

"It develops in three stages. The earliest is the gifts offered by Cain and Abel. In Hebrew it is called a *minchah*. In this stage a man realizes that all his possessions are from God. So he offers part of them to acknowledge that fact.

"That is what Cain and Abel did. Cain was a farmer, and in those days a farmer had hard work to do. He had planted his field and it had increased. Cain was greedy.

He offered God only 'some fruits of the earth.'

"Abel was a shepherd. His name means *transitoriness*. He feels completely dependent on God's grace. He is generous. He offers God 'the firstlings and the fatlings.'

"The value of the gift depends on the giver, not on the gift. The gift, however, shows the kind of person that the giver is. Cain gave little so he would have the rest for himself. Abel gave more, and in the true spirit of gratitude and love.

"This is the basic concept. God accepts the sacrifice of Abel, who, in the correct spirit, offered the best he had. He rejected that of Cain.

"The second stage is after the flood. After Noe had seen the race perish because of its sins, he built an altar and offered a burnt offering. In Hebrew the word for that is *ola*; it means *that which ascends*. It is the lifting up of one's entire person and life to God. The burnt offering represents the person of the one who offers it.

"You can see that more clearly if you look at the sacrifice of Abraham. You recall he had been asked to slay his only son in sacrifice. When he was about to do so without hesitation, an angel stopped him. Then Abraham took a ram caught in the thicket and offered it as a burnt offering in place of his son.

"The ram did not belong to him. Even if it did, it could hardly be regarded as a substitute for his son

whom he loved more than all else in the world. It, therefore, represents him and his obedience to God. It stands for Abraham and Isaac in perfect obedience.

"Now you are prepared to understand the ceremony of this kind of sacrifice. The animal is killed. But it is not killed just to get it dead. It is killed to free its blood from its body. Its blood represents its life. Separated on the altar, the blood represents the soul freed from bonds of selfishness ready to be reunited to God. Thus, atonement is *at-one-ment*: the restoration of our union with God.

"You ought to remember this when you assist at the Sacrifice of the Mass. The separation of the Body and Blood of Christ is not only a representation of His death. Seen against the background of the Old Testament, it points to His resurrection, to the freeing of His life, and the entrance into perfect union with God the Father.

"In the Mass, the sacramental sign itself contains the resurrection as well as the death of Christ. The Mass is, thus, the real *Pascha*. It is His passover from death to life. It is also our passover from death to life in union with God.

"Now you come to the burning of the animal. The purpose is not destruction, because the Hebrew word for that is *saraph*. The word *hiqtir* is used, and that means *to cause to go up in sweet smoke*. The flesh of the animal represents the

external activity of the offerer, which is being transformed in the fire that burns on the altar.

"The fire that burns is the fire that came down from heaven at Aaron's first sacrifice and was never thereafter allowed to go out. It represents the will of God.

"The inner life of the offerer has been freed and brought into union with God. So now his external life is freed through obedience to God's will and transformed. That also is God's will.

"Now you come to a more difficult piece of history. When Abraham was promised the Land, he was ordered to go through a series of strange actions. He was to take three heifers, rams, and goats, and to divide them each in half. Then he was to take a pigeon and a turtledove, but to leave them intact.

"Abraham did, but it was not a sacrifice. It was a symbolic action and its meaning is immediately explained.

"Three generations after Abraham his descendants will be strangers in a foreign land. They will slave there in affliction. The fourth generation will be freed and come into the promised land.

"The last animals, the pigeon and the dove, represent the fourth generation. The others represent the three generations in Egypt.

"The pigeon and the dove are without the defense of claw or beak, unlike the birds of prey. They find safety only in upward flight.

The dove is especially the symbol of Israel. It is a migratory bird, and when it arrives in the promised land you know that spring has come.

"'For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the flowers appear on the earth; the time of pruning is come; the voice of the turtledove is heard in our land' (Cant. 2:12).

"Finally, if you read Leviticus, you will see that no rapacious beasts and no birds of prey are eligible for sacrifice. Only the animals of the herd (cattle) and of the flock (sheep and goats) may be used. And of the birds, only the pigeon and the dove. This shows that the last reality of Old Testament sacrifice is *mercy*.

"Thus God says, 'I desire mercy and not sacrifice.' That means that His purpose in instituting sacrifice was never the external ceremony but the inner spiritual meaning.

"So, only the persecuted, never the persecutors, can serve as sacrifice. The greatest of the persecuted are the lamb and the dove, both without guile, both obedient, symbols of unselfish love. In them the true spirit of Israel, God's own Son, is represented. Both point to Christ as the fulfillment of Old Testament sacrifices.

"Now you should begin to understand the dove. John the Baptist shows the disciples the 'Lamb of God' and he sees the Spirit of God descending upon Him in the shape



of a dove. See that scene now in the light of Old Testament symbolism.

"The dove is the symbol of Israel's liberty, of her return to the promised land, of the spirit of suf-

fering in selfless obedience and love.

"The dove, which descends upon Christ shows that He is the promised Land. It shows that He will become the source of all liberty, the beginning of a new spring.



### *Great Love*

STOPPING for coffee at a small restaurant run by a blind veteran, I was amazed at the deft way he went about his business.

Paying him, I handed him a \$1 bill. He asked the denomination, then quickly gave me correct change.

"Do you ever have trouble with people giving you one's and saying they're five's?" I asked.

"No, sir," he replied. "The only trouble I have is with people who give me five's and tell me they're one's."

*Atlanta Lions.*



### *No Greater Love*

ONE winter night, a man had to drive with his wife and child to a distant town in the U.S. Northwest where the climate is sometimes severe.

A blizzard began to rage. It was bitterly cold. The car broke down in the snowdrifts. When the little family did not arrive at its destination the next morning, friends went out to search. They discovered the car, half buried.

The man was found without his overcoat; he was standing erect, in front of his wife and child, as if to shield them. He spoke an eloquent story, but not with his lips—for he was dead. The woman was covered by two coats, her own and her husband's; she was alive, and unharmed except in one particular. Her two arms had reached out to encircle the baby all night long; the arms had been frozen for hours, and had to be amputated.

The third member of the family, the baby, was completely untouched by the disaster. It was as warm and safe as if it had spent the entire night in its little crib at home.

*Bishop James E. Walsh in Maryknoll (Dec. '51).*

# Pick and Get the Right Job

*The Notre Dame Alumni Career clinic in New York City is helping men and women make the most of their abilities*

By JOHN T. DUNLAVY

A YOUNG MAN stood before a group of men and women in a classroom in Cathedral High school, New York City. He had been graduated with honors as a commercial artist. He showed excellent samples of his work. The resumé of his experience was impressive. But although he had obtained more than a dozen interviews, he had not been offered a single job. Why hadn't he been offered a position? "Did you have any interviews today?" he was asked.

"Yeah," said the young man, "two."

"I think I can tell you what's the matter," he was told.

After the meeting he was given a paper which said, "Ten reasons why I wouldn't hire you. You say 'Yeah' when you mean 'Yes, Sir' or 'Yes.' You're chewing gum. Your shoes aren't shined. Your pants are not pressed. You need a haircut. Your coat collar is turned up. Your socks don't match your tie. Your tie is crooked. Your fingernails are dirty. Your hair is not combed. Each of these things is a mark of

immaturity and carelessness; and no employer, especially one looking for an artist, wants any part of either."

The young man reported a week later, neat, and clean-cut. He had landed his job. In one session he had discovered the simple solution to a job problem that had plagued him for months. Friends, relatives, employers could have told him the trouble, but no one did before he came before the Notre Dame Career clinic in New York City.

The clinic is sponsored as a free public service by the local Notre Dame club. Its purpose is to help young men and women help themselves with any kind of job problem. It meets every Thursday evening.

This approach to job problems is not new. It began when Sidney Edlund opened his Man Marketing clinic, sponsored by the Sales Executive club of New York City, in October, 1935. Other clinics have been sponsored by Junior Chambers of Commerce, YMCA's, and American Legion posts. The Advertising club of New York, under John A.

Ryder, Ruth Hooper Larison and others, has been a leader in the field. Its Job Finding forum has been held twice a week for more than ten years.

The Notre Dame Career clinic follows the methods developed by Edlund and Larison. These were set down in the books, *Pick Your Job and Land It*, by Sidney Edlund (published by Prentice-Hall, \$2.95), and *How to Get and Hold the Job You Want*, by Ruth Hooper Larison (Longmans, Green, \$2.95). The Notre Dame clinic has introduced new elements into its operation. Principally, it tries to change a person's outlook on his career in two ways. 1. It seeks to instill permanent confidence through practical instruction in the principles of self-salesmanship. 2. It requires a person to re-evaluate his abilities, and plan his career accordingly.

Too many people allow their careers to be controlled by circumstance. They wouldn't think of entering an airline ticket office and saying, "Give me a ticket to some place. Any place will do, just so it's a ticket." Yet that's exactly the way they choose their careers.

"Give me a job. Any job will do, just so it's a job," they say. Not only do they not have a goal in mind but often they are not certain whether their own abilities are what the job requires.

There was the case of Joe Ward. Joe brought the Notre Dame clinic a resumé of experience that would

easily get him a job as an apprentice accountant.

After Joe had told his story, one of the clinic spoke out. "Let me get something straight," he began. "You were in service from 1943 to 1946; you graduated in Liberal Arts in 1948; you were in South America until November, 1950—when did you study accounting?"

The young man answered, "I never did, exactly."

"What makes you think you can be an accountant?"

"That's what I was doing in South America, and my record shows I did pretty well."

"Maybe it does, but do you like accounting?"

"I hate it!"

The group laughed and the young man grinned sheepishly, but it was no joke. He had almost made a tragic mistake; he had almost chosen the wrong career merely because he had already started on that road.

He had answered an ad. "Young man. College. High wages. Willing to travel." He had landed the job and found himself in South America on a two-year contract before he had learned that he was to be an accountant. With the help of the clinic, he learned what he really wanted to do and repackaged himself as a salesman. Within three weeks he was on a new career, the right one.

The secret in returning the control over a career to the individual

is salesmanship, according to the clinic. It constantly points out that selling principles must be applied when looking for a job, not sup-  
plication.

"Don't ask for a job," says Bill Hughes, an insurance executive, who is often clinic chairman. "Demonstrate your abilities. If you were a shoe salesman, you wouldn't try to sell the parts of a shoe, the last, the heel, the sole, the upper leather. You'd sell what the shoe does for the customer. You'd sell appearance, fit, comfort. And that's the way you sell yourself on a job. Don't sell your background. Sell the employer on what you and your background can do for him."

Bill Phillips recently asked the clinic's advice on how to get out of a rut in his company. He was a production expeditor for one of the nation's largest advertising agencies. It was his job to see that the advertising of nearly a score of the nation's large companies made all deadlines.

Bill had been with the agency 17 years and believed that he should be aiming higher. But he didn't know whether he should try with another agency, a manufacturer, or for another job in his own company.

Questions from the clinic showed that Bill had begun to take his own abilities for granted and was undervaluing them. "Did you ever lose a client through your own fault?" he was asked. "Not one," he re-

plied. "But you can't lose very many in our place and still hold your job."

"How well do you know production methods?" someone asked.

"Like the back of my hand. Every method there is," he answered. "But then, that's my job. I have to know them."

Bill answered every question with a qualifying "but." He thought all of his skills were only a part of his job. That's where he made his mistake. They were part of him. It turned out that Bill was the No. 1 expeditor in his company, had more accounts than anyone, and was being kept in his spot because he would be tough to replace. In ten minutes the clinic convinced Bill that he could practically pick the job he wanted, because his talents were so much in demand.

To aid men like Bill, the clinic has developed an eight-point guide called *How to Get Going on Your Career*. This is given to each newcomer before the sessions begin.

"1. *Stop kidding yourself*. Realize that opportunities don't come along; you make them. Decide now that doing what you want to do is worth any amount of effort. It won't be easy.

"2. *Analyze yourself*. Write out your complete experience record. Develop illustrations of your strong points. Dig out your hidden assets.

"3. *Clarify objectives*. What do you want to be five years from now? What are your real abilities?

What are the requirements of the job you want?

"4. *Analyze your market.* Survey work opportunities. Talk to friends, leaders in the field. Consult public libraries, trade associations.

"5. *Plan your work.* Plan time, prospects, whole campaign. Keep written records. Aim at highest possible level.

"6. *Work your plan.* Ask friends for advice. Watch newspapers, see job agencies. Prepare resumé, letters, portfolio.

"7. *Use fundamental sales principles.* Offer a service. Use illustrations. Be honest. Be different.

"8. *Use proven aids and techniques.* A. For letter or resumé: type, original only, no carbon copies. Get names and titles, and get them right. Name, address, and phone should be prominent.

"B. For interview: study the company. Have positive answers ready. Get there early. Dress neatly and suitably. Speak clearly and smile. Express appreciation. Terminate the interview yourself.

"C. For all purposes: tell what you're after; don't make employer dig it out. State your accomplishments, not your duties. Give details only at your top level. Speak well of former employers. Write a letter of appreciation whenever possible.

Some of these factors may seem obvious but they often mean the

difference. Take that last item. A few months ago a large organization placed an ad in the Sunday New York Times for a publicity assistant. It received more than 200 replies. Twenty-six who answered were selected for general screening by the organization's personnel branch. Eleven of the 26 were asked to return for personal interviews with the department head. Following the interviews, the field was narrowed down to two.

One of the young men was five years younger than the other; he was three years younger than the minimum that had been contemplated for the position, and he had considerably less experience than many other applicants. Yet when the final choice was made he landed the job.

Why? Well, he had the ability, but he was also the only one of the 200 who sent follow-up letters. He was the only one of 26 who wrote the personnel man thanking him for his interview. He was the only one of 11 to thank the department head following the meeting arranged for him.

In the eyes of the Notre Dame Alumni association, the New York club's venture is an experiment. Should the pilot operation be successful, other Notre Dame clubs in major cities will be aided in launching their clinics.

**A** GOSSIP is a person who suffers from acute indiscretion Minnie Pearl.

# Morality in Government

*We can expect no better standards in government  
than those we live and work by*

By EUGENE J. McCARTHY

Congressman, 4th District, Minnesota

Condensed from the *Commonweal*\*

**A**MONG the great modern nations the United States has had perhaps the least enviable reputation as regards the probity of its political life."

Peter H. Odegard said this in the 1937 edition of the *Encyclopedia of the Social Sciences*.

Investigations today show that public officials are living up to this reputation. A shocking lack of moral responsibility of many public officials has been exposed. Other officials have standards that are very personal and flexible.

The people of the U.S. are genuinely disturbed. The people are asking themselves

two important questions. 1. What is the cause of the present condition of political morality? 2. What can be done to bring about reform?

The answer to the first question is not so simple as that of Sena-

## **Faith Makes Greatness**

**W**E ARE told that if the act of a public official is not illegal then it is proper and excusable. I do not see this.

Our public servants elected to high office have a duty far greater than that of merely enforcing the law. They have the duty of moral leadership in the country. If they permit things that are improper they are destroying the very fabric of public morals.

When men in high places make hundreds of thousands of dollars through their improper acts it is hard to maintain purity and integrity in the sports of boys in college and on the sandlots of the nation.

Behind all of our relations with our fellow beings there must be faith in the fundamental integrity of man. That faith, in the last analysis, is the faith that makes great people and a great nation.

*James A. Farley quoted in the Newburgh  
(N. Y.) News (8 Nov. '51).*

tor Aiken, who says that "corruption is the inevitable result when one party or one faction remains too long in power."

Nor is it true that corruption is inevitable in our system of government. If this were true, the only hope for democracy would be that some kind of International Business Machine would select superior persons for government positions.

The machine would have to apply Plato's proposal. Guardians of ideal democracy would be subjected to a triple test: 1. as to whether they remember well and were not deceived; 2. as to whether they could endure toils, pains, and conflicts; and 3. as to whether they could withstand the "softer influence of pleasure or the sterner influence of fear."

There are, I think, at least three basic causes for lack of moral responsibility in men in government. 1. The general level of morality in the U.S.; 2. the level of morality in business, in law, and in other professions bearing upon political activity; 3. the lack of a strong tradition of political responsibility or of the honor of political office in the U.S.

It is a matter of common knowledge, sustained by statistics, that the general level of morality in the U.S. is not high. Fred Vinson, chief justice of the Supreme Court, has said that the only absolute is that there are no absolutes. This

school of thought has declared that man can "make his way by his own means to the truth which is true to him." We should not then be shocked to find the people generally, and some government officials, making up rules which are convenient to their purposes.

The conduct of public officials is affected by the conduct accepted in business and in the professions. In almost every case in which an accused public official has attempted to defend himself, he has argued that his actions were fully within the bounds of accepted practices in the business world or in the legal profession.

Self-interest has not become the only motive in business or the professions, but it is the main consideration. Carl Snyder in his book *Capitalism the Creator* says that avarice and greed have been the great forces in building America. In any case, the opportunist, the sharp dealer, is not despised by the business world. Often he sits at the head of the table. The high-pressure artist, the dealer in influence, and the public-relations man, expanding doubt or contracting truth, sit at his right hand.

Business rallies to the cry "Free Enterprise!" This means many things to many people. But mainly it means a rejection of social justice. Legality becomes the watchword.

A recent issue of a magazine, published principally for business-



men, carried an article on *How to Save on Taxes*. It said that the purpose of the tax laws is to have each taxpayer pay 1951 taxes on 1951 income, and 1952 taxes, the higher taxes, on 1952 income. The article then recommended that its readers should try to get advance payments of 1952 salary, interest, rents, commissions, and fees, to avoid paying the higher 1952 tax.

The government would thus lose revenue which under the law it should receive. Other taxpayers would have to make up the amount which the informed and alert avoid paying. But no moral consideration occurred to the author of the article.

A news magazine, *Time*, reported an interview between a professor and a promising medical student. The student was asked why he had gone into medicine; he said, "To make money." Asked what he wanted to do as a doctor, he said that he intended to practice the specialty that offered the largest fees. He said that for him no special social responsibility was attached to the medical profession.

I do not contend that this point of view is typical of the professions, but I fear that it is very widely held. In the long run, the influence of this philosophy is more destructive of morality than bribery or influence payments.

When the U.S. was set up as a nation every citizen was given a share in the political power which

### **One Standard**

WE HAVE sent our young men on military expeditions to far-off lands so that justice and freedom may be kept alive in the world; and yet at home we have become careless about the foundations of justice and the root of freedom. It cannot go well with us if we continue on this course.

One and the same standard covers stealing from the cash register and dishonest gain from public office.

In politics, the principle that "anything goes" simply because people are thought not to expect any high sense of honor in politicians is grossly wrong. We have to recover that sense of personal obligation on the part of the voter and that sense of public trust on the part of the elected official which give meaning and dignity to political life.

*Letter of U. S. Catholic bishops  
(17 Nov. '51).*

only members of the nobility had before. But in giving political rights to each citizen we failed to transfer the responsibilities which true nobles had always accepted.

As a result there grew in the U.S. a pessimistic political philosophy which held that government at best was a necessary evil. The normal attitude of the citizen towards government was one of

suspicion, distrust, and antagonism. Government officials were looked upon either as policemen or as pensioners. Much of this attitude remains today.

What can be done to bring about an improvement in political morality? 1. The general level of morality in the U.S. must be raised. This is basically an individual problem, but it is also the responsibility of government, and all constructive social institutions.

2. Ethical standards in business and in the professions must be raised. Improved standards in these fields will improve morality in government.

3. We must take immediate action to develop in the U.S. a code of ethics for men in public office. We must lay foundations upon which we can build a tradition of high honor for government office.

Progress in this third field does not depend on progress in the other two fields. Neither business nor

professional morality of the British is superior to ours in the U.S. Yet the standards for conduct in public office in England are definitely superior to accepted standards in the U.S.

This superiority is not a matter of accident; neither is it the result of an unbroken tradition. In the 18th century, corruption was widespread in the British government, both in Parliament and in the civil service. But the British deliberately set out to improve government morality. By the beginning of the 20th century both the Parliament and England's Civil Service achieved high standards of honorable conduct in government office. That reputation has been carefully preserved in the first 50 years of this century.

We can accomplish a similar reform in the U.S. The responsibility rests upon everyone and upon every institution that has power to form the mind of America.



### *Artful Artist*

**R**APHAEL's great painting, the *Sistine Madonna*, is so beautiful that in admiring it few notice an amusing detail. The devout old man looking up worshipfully at the Virgin and Child represents Pope Sixtus. The odd detail is that his right hand has six digits, the artist's pun on the name Sixtus.

*Your Life* (Nov. '51).



### *Showman on the Run*

**P. T. BARNUM**, the master circus showman, found "the suckers" moving too slowly. They would pay their nickel to see some attraction, and linger on and on. They were keeping out new customers.

So P. T. took down the *Exit* signs, and substituted *Egress*. The customers would look for this strange animal and find themselves outside. Harold Helfer.

# Catholic Mind and Protestant Heart

*You should not try to win arguments at the cost of souls*

By CLARE BOOTHE LUCE

Condensed from the *Catholic World*\*

THERE is a story told of a somewhat tipsy man who piled into a crowded bus, and lurched into a seat beside a priest. He sat for a few minutes, blearily eyeing the priest, who was reading his Office. Suddenly he said in a loud voice, "I ain't going to heaven, because I feel there ain't no heaven!" The priest replied, "Well, go to hell, then, but do be quiet about it."

Now, what might we deduce from that story? We might say that if the snifty gentleman had been able to use the mind God gave him, and the snippy priest had been willing to use the heart he gave God, the seeds of a conversion could have been planted at that hour.

And yet, it seems to me that the problem of the conversion of the modern non-Catholic presents almost insuperable difficulties to the average apostolic Catholic, unless he clearly under-

stands three things about the non-Catholic mind.

1. That, where religion is concerned, the average non-Catholic seldom uses his head.

2. That the heart is the main organ with which he approaches questions of faith.

3. That to make the non-Catholic bring his mind to bear on religious truth, the Catholic has got to use both mind and heart.

Until our own century, the Thomistic proposition that a man keeps body and soul together by using his head has always been honored among Christians. This was particularly true in the breach called the Reformation. The right to private judgment in matters of faith is indeed the historic warrant for Protestantism.

However, the average non-Catholic is abandoning his self-professed "Christian



*Clare Boothe Luce is a playwright, author, and former member of Congress. Her new play *Child of the Morning* is scheduled for Broadway production, with Margaret O'Brien starring.*

right" of private judgment. The non-Catholic no longer offers a private interpretation of his religious ideas; he offers instead a religious interpretation of his private emotions. His religion has become a throb in his breast, a lump in his throat, a twinge of his conscience, a hunger of his spirit, but a vacuum in his head.

This strange condition has become a matter of grave concern to most thoughtful Protestants. Many are beginning to see, at long last, the relation between the collapse in non-Catholic sects of any vigorous interest in Christian theology, and the many political disasters which have overtaken our Western civilization.

Today in America, an amazing paradox exists in the relations between Catholics and non-Catholics. While modern non-Catholics still claim the right to "think through for themselves" all theological questions, in point of fact they generally approach them in an emotional, sentimental way. Catholics, commonly supposed to be deprived of the right to think by reason of their faith, are more often the ones who insist on the rational approach to religion.

Few modern converts can exaggerate what a shock it is to them when they first discover that, far from checking their minds at the rectory door, they are expected to use them furiously during their instruction periods.

Sometimes, the idea of giving intellectual assent to religious doctrine seems as truly absurd to them as would the idea of giving emotional assent to mathematical formulas. By the grace of God, the convert may survive this initial shock and go on with instructions. Then he is in for a ravishing adventure, always the greatest of his life, not only in the mysteries of divine faith, but in the uses of human reason.

I, too, was sure, in my far-off, unlamented non-Catholic days, that anyone who "became religious," who, as I thought, hurled himself off the shores of reality into the sentimental Niagara of Christian tradition, was risking intellectual annihilation. Certainly, a Catholic conversion seemed to me to be intellectual suicide, the final plunge over the ultimate falls of faith, in the iron-hooped barrel of Catholic dogma. The courage, even the grace, of the act was certainly not to be disputed. But its sanity was.

Like all converts under instruction, I was astonished to find that every remote or immediate point of argument about the nature of the soul, and her relation to God and neighbor, and the real world about us, had been hammered out through the centuries on the anvils of the greatest minds. The impact with a few of these minds, beginning with Aristotle and St. Thomas, left me feeling very small and very naked intellectually. In fact, I was glad I

had the barrel that they provided.

Indeed, the Catholic edifice of truth is so wide and vaulting, so many-faceted, yet integrated, that its intellectual encompassment often places a considerable strain on the mind of even the most willing convert.

Father Lilly, the great Jesuit convert-maker, tells of a girl he instructed for months who constantly showed impatience with his slow development of doctrine.

"Father," she remarked after her conversion, "at first I did not see what you were driving at in your talks. You seemed to be getting nowhere. But finally I realized that you were slowly rebuilding my somewhat shattered house of faith. One week you put a brick back there. Another day you restored a window, another time a door. After a year, I began to see that my house was becoming for the first time not only strong but beautiful."

Here we have an actual candidate for conversion, one in whom grace was working and who was cooperating with it! And she was in the hands of a brilliant, holy instructor. Yet it took her a year to grasp Catholic doctrine in its entirety.

What chance then, has the ordinary Catholic apostle of *conversationally* convincing his ordinary "prospect," who is seldom, almost never, willing to give himself over to even the briefest instruction by a layman?

Let us take our two friends on

the bus. Any psychologist could tell you that our tipsy man was in a state of spiritual crisis, and therefore a candidate for conversion. Moreover, it was plain that he was noisily denying the existence of heaven precisely because he feared the existence of that hot hell to which our cool priest advised him to go quietly. The subject under dispute, then, was the doctrine of damnation.

Now let us suppose that the bus ride had been sufficiently long for the drunk to sober down, and the priest to soften up. Suppose, in short, both had been able and willing to argue the question of hell's existence.

Undoubtedly, our non-Catholic friend would have said, very soberly, "Oh, I feel none of us is born perfect, so that if God is Love, which I feel He must be, I feel He would never send anyone to eternal torment. That's why I can't believe in hell."

This is a typical non-Catholic reaction to a theological question. The key word is *feel*. Plainly, if human feelings are to be the criterion of religious truth, it is idle for anyone to try to argue him into feeling differently.

The task that confronted the priest was not to get the man to feel differently about hell (I still feel hell is a monstrous concept, myself) but to think differently about it. But to do so, he would probably have had to convince the

man that 1. he indeed wasn't born perfect—the doctrine of original sin; 2. that God sent His only Son—the doctrine of the incarnation; 3. to redeem him from the consequences of his original imperfections—the doctrine of the redemption; and 4. that this divine Son spoke of hell quite frequently, so this hell must be a reality—the doctrine of revelation; 5. that precisely because He is a God of Love, He sends no one there—the doctrine of divine mercy; and 6. the sinner goes and stays there of his own accord—the doctrine of damnation; and 7. that while he is not free to get out of hell, he is not bound to get into it—doctrine of free will. In short, the apostle's problem would have been to give the man instructions in a half-dozen doctrines at once in order to get him to understand the single concept that was troubling him.

A full course in Catholic doctrine is, of course, not easy to give on a bus ride. Plainly the realization of this was our priest's real excuse for ignoring the unvoiced fear of hell evidenced by his unhappy companion.

But let us go on supposing, for the sake of illustrating our theme, that our heaven-hungry bus rider had been able to accept these doctrinal truths. He would then have seen clearly that his personal problem, staying out of hell, would depend on his getting rid of the burden of his sins—the doctrine of

repentance and absolution. This would have led automatically to a discussion of the confessional.

Now suppose this average non-Catholic thought, because of his training, background, and perhaps prejudiced reading, that the confessional is a small incense-filled room in which a very human priest and a very human layman make a slick deal about the latter's peccadilloes. The priest lets off the sinner with the implicit understanding that he will remember the fact gratefully when the "plate" is passed at the collection. "Look here," the man would probably say, "I just don't feel that any mere man can have the power to forgive my sins!" The priest would then try to explain the relation of the penitent to priest and both to God. He would assure the man that in "the box" the sinner says, "I confess to almighty God," and not, "Oh, my dear Father McGillicuddy, forgive me, for I have offended you!"

No doubt our sober non-Catholic would then feel much better about the confessional! But, on thinking that one over, he would once more begin to feel. He would feel that if Father McGillicuddy couldn't forgive him his sins, Father McGillicuddy, and the confessional, were superfluous. And bang! there they would be right into the tremendous question of Peter's succession, and the power of the keys.

Here, if the man were a Protestant Christian, another problem

would at once intrude itself, the greatest problem of all in Protestant-Catholic relations, at the rational level, the problem of semantics.

When your words are the means of communicating your truth, then your words must mean the same thing to the person with whom you are talking as they do to you. If they mean different things, a meeting of minds becomes tremendously difficult, if not impossible.

The different values and meanings they assign to religious terminology make it especially hard for the Catholic and the Protestant Christian to communicate. The Protestant, Chesterton thought, finds it hard to make an evaluation of Catholicism because although all the terminology which he uses historically stems from his Catholic ancestry, it has become so corrupted by scores of private interpretations that it is impossible for him to state the real meaning behind the words he uses, except, again, as he *feels* they mean something to him *personally*.

For example: when a Catholic uses the word *Church*, he is thinking of a divinely constituted organism, the mystical Body, guided by the Holy Spirit, and therefore preserved from doctrinal error in its head, the Pope, and taught by its bishops, who participate in Christ's authority.

When a Protestant uses the word *Church*, he is—well, what is he

thinking of? He might be thinking in a narrow personal sense of some special little building where he or his family worshiped. Or he might be thinking, more broadly, in terms of a group of people who had banded together with beliefs similar to, though never identical with, his own.

If he thinks at all of "the Protestant faith" he knows that today it comprises 250 sects, many of which hold widely divergent views on doctrinal questions. "The teaching authority of the Church" would, therefore, mean to him the sum total of the thinking of the living members of his own group. And this group, he would concede, may at any given moment be right, or it may be in error in that which it teaches. But there would be no way by which he, personally, could be reasonably sure what the situation is.

He knows, too, that this very group can, at any moment, split into two, or a dozen new groups which will each teach different things. Nevertheless, right here he represents the same old difficulty to the would-be apostle. He feels that they are all being guided by Christ, even though they may seem to be behaving, theologically speaking, like Leacock's determined young man, who leapt on his horse and dashed madly off in all directions.

To oversimplify the difficulty, the non-Catholic believes his faith makes the Church, while the Cath-



olic believes that the Church makes his faith.

How then is the average Catholic apostle to approach the average non-Catholic? We have said that the non-Catholic heart is the primary organ which he brings to religion. This heart is a great one. It is the great Protestant heart of America, with its native good will, its eagerness, its curiosity to know, to serve, its tremendous appetite to love, in short, its vast residue of Christian faith, hope, and charity, which provides the would-be apostle with his best opportunity. *Cor ad cor loquitur* (Heart speaks to heart), said Newman. To know, love and serve God is the first catechetical truth we teach our own children. We teach them simply, in words, but richly by our own example and actions. Our non-Catholic neighbors are also children, catechetically speaking, and we must teach them as we teach our own, and for the time being more by practice than precept.

Our Lord's great Commandment was not to argue with one another, but to love one another, as He has loved us!

So, in the end, my best advice to the average apostolic layman is this. Provide your prospect liberally with reading matter addressed to the point that troubles him, in the shape of books, articles, and pamphlets. Do not try to digest these for him in a brief conversational encounter. Be content to correct,

briefly and kindly, any glaring or prejudiced error, but don't argue doctrine at length, not in the beginning, with potential converts.

Nine times out of ten, intellectual argument will bog down in the morass of your candidate's feelings. Especially, if you are more informed, more vocal, more ready with logical proof than he, don't argue. For he will then *feel* that you think he is intellectually inferior, and, generally this feeling will reduce him to resentful silence. "Win an argument and lose a soul," is Bishop Sheen's dictum in approaching candidates for conversion.

The would-be Catholic apostle who goes about buttonholing his non-Catholic friends, giving them intellectual arguments which they cannot understand, makes far fewer converts than the one who goes out of his way to give evidences of Catholic compassion and sympathy, who does them, in distress, some service or kindness that was not to be expected.

It has been said that a virtuous Catholic life is a daily lesson in the catechism to the unbeliever. But an open Catholic purse, a ready Catholic shoulder, a helping Catholic hand, and a loving Catholic heart are Catholic doctrine, in action. Your words may stir, but only your actions will move people to the faith.

Remember, the errors that historically split Christendom were

Protestant intellectual errors, but there were also Catholic errors in the order of charity.

It is, therefore, necessary to repair with charity the historic damage done by a lack of it. We Catholics must first root out of ourselves all

loveless prejudice and criticism against those of other faiths, if we wish others to do likewise.

Our faith leads us to love others. And, if we will only love enough, our love will lead others to our faith.

## The Open Door

THE REDS were in control of Barcelona, Spain, in 1937. Propaganda posters, calling for volunteers, were all over the city. One stopped me short. The background was a battle scene with mines, tanks, exploding shells, and communist soldiers, sprawled in blood, dead. Over it a mighty finger pointed at me. The inscription was: "And *you*, what have *you* done for communism?" The poster hit me hard. It moved me. I became a convinced communist.

Only later I thought, "What has communism done for me?" I also remembered then the churches the communists had burned. At the end of the war, I became a Jesuit, and I am now at a Catholic mission in India.

A few months ago, I prepared a poster for a mission academy. I found myself putting a mission setting in the background, a poor chapel, an orphanage, neophytes, and a priest with the cross of Christ. A mighty finger pointed at the passer-by. It demanded, "And *you*, what have *you* done for Christ?"

I knew the onlooker would stop and think, with a compelling result, "What has Christ done for me?"

José X. Gracia, S.J.

[For statements of true incidents by which persons were brought into the Church \$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts cannot be returned.—Ed.]

### Why You Say It

Down through the ages, few common folk could read or write. But it was often necessary for an unlearned person to attest a legal document.

Since he could not write his name, he had to make some sort of mark. Lawyers frequently requested that such a person make the Sign of the Cross, its sacred character being likely to prevent him from giving a false statement. From early use of this special sign, it became customary to speak of *signing* a document even when one wrote his name upon it.

Webb B. Garrison.



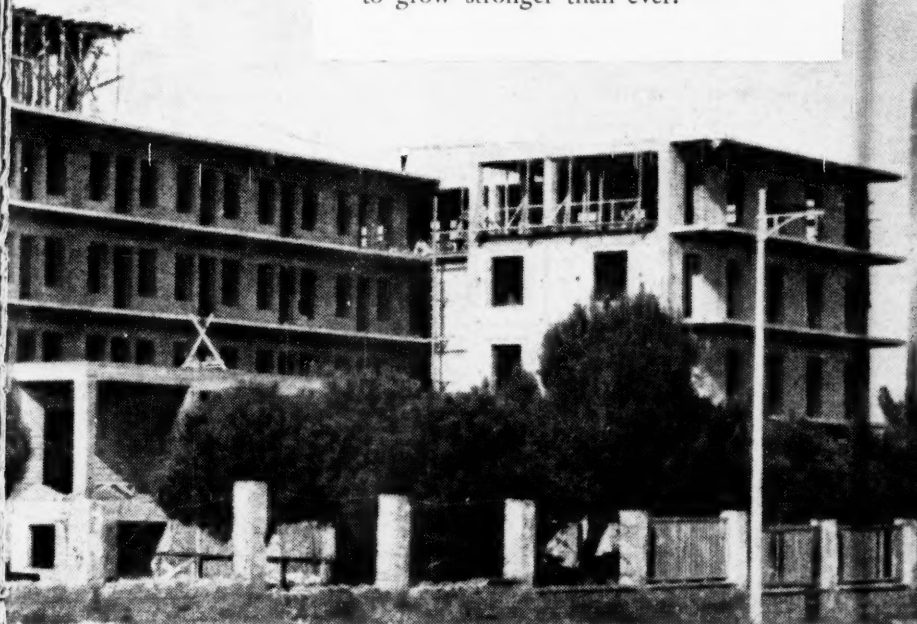
**OPERATION**  
**Bootstrap**

*Italy has amazed the world by the way she has lifted herself from the mire of postwar destruction.*



**Italy foiled  
the communists**

Fighting on almost all the Italian peninsula laid the country prostrate economically after the 2nd World War. The communists moved in to seize what looked like easy prey, but Italy survived to grow stronger than ever.



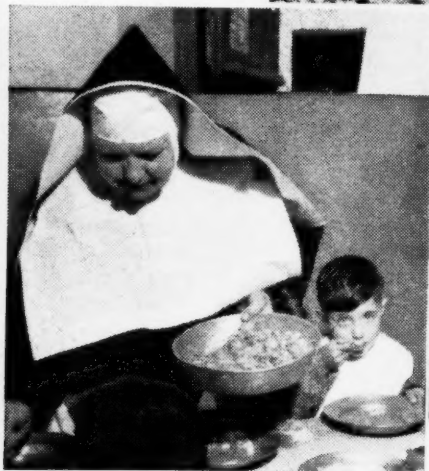
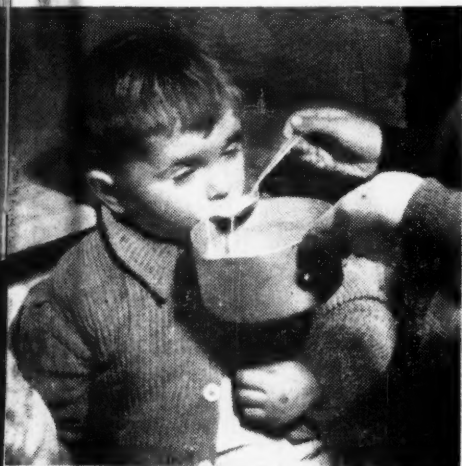
**The Cardarelli hospital in Naples was one of the many structures greatly damaged by the war. ECA and Italian funds rebuilt it.**



# **Cold statistics and living people**

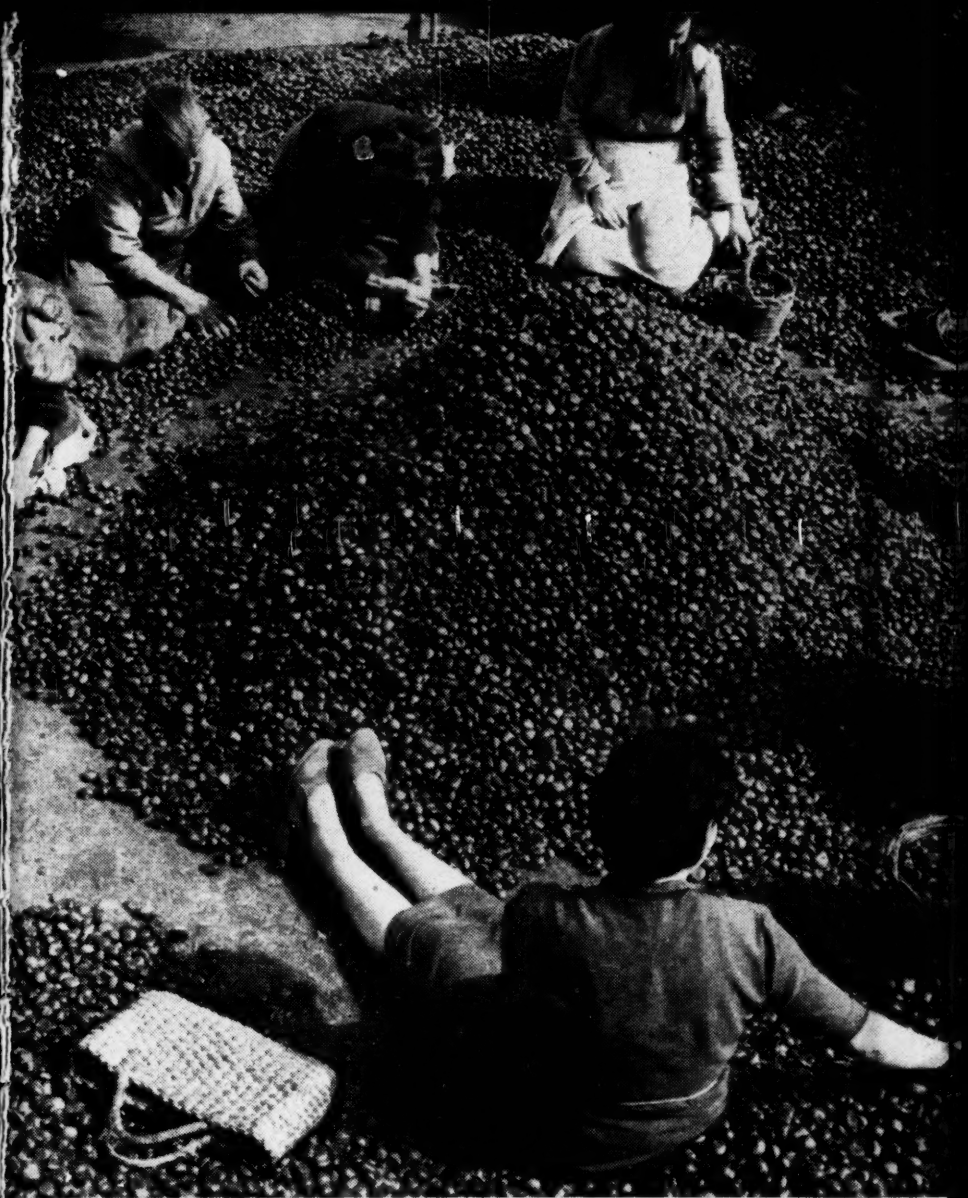
**This is a story of children's smiles, too**

**I**N FIGURES, the Italian reconstruction story tells us production in industry has risen 20% over the 1948 level; in agriculture it has gone up 6%; in electric power 21%; and 62% more homes are being built. But the story cannot be told in figures alone; it is also to be seen in the improved health and happiness of the people, especially the children.



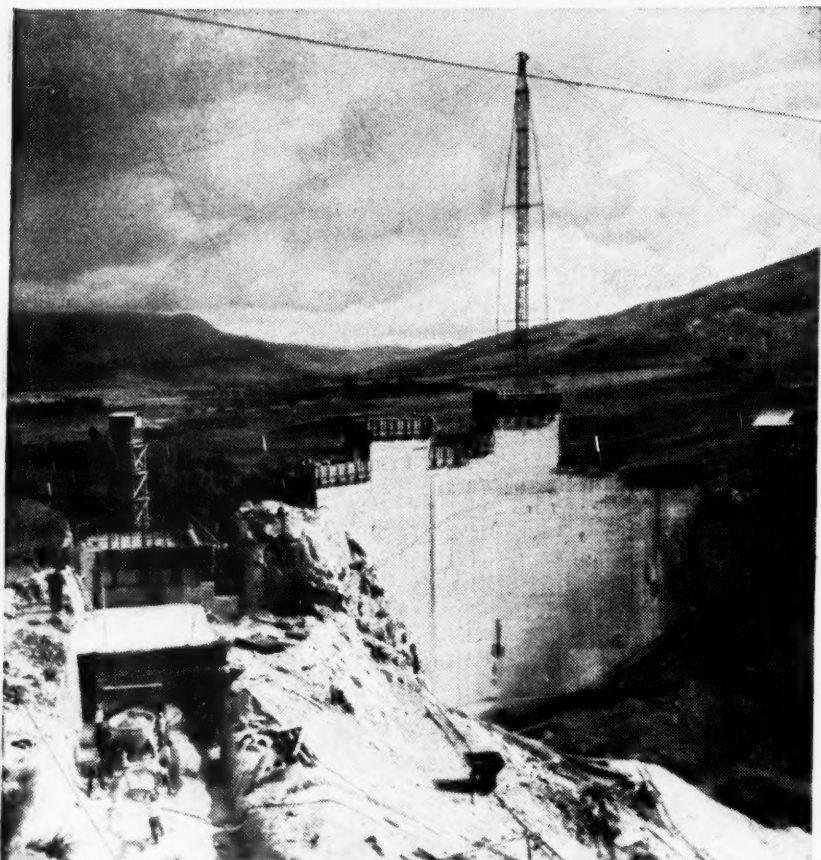
**Nuns serve the meal that the ECA lira fund provides the youngsters of Fontamara.**





**These glossy brown chestnuts provide not only food, but also timber, fuel, and chemicals. ECA helped Italy fight the blight that threatened the crop.**





Carboj dam will irrigate hundreds of acres of land and make it more productive.

**Land reform  
now under way  
in Italy**

**T**HIS WINTER," said a Roman housewife, "the lights didn't flicker, we had gas to cook with, and although prices were a bit higher, we had money with which to

buy shoes for my *bambini*, shirts for my husband, and even a dress for myself."

The Italian people agree that the country has made more progress in recovery during the last year than in any previous Marshall Plan year. The industrialist and the worker know that 71% more freight cars are rolling over Italian railways now than in 1948. The farmer real-

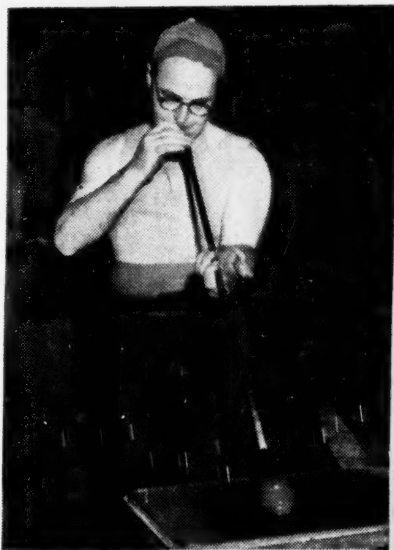
izes the effect of 75% more new tractors on Italian farms.

Perhaps the most important recent single achievement in Italy has been the setting up of a fund for development of Italy's neglected southern regions. Almost all Italian industry has been in the North. The best farmlands were in the north and in the central sectors. Even before the war it had been known that land reform, including its distribution and development, was needed in southern Italy. Italy itself was not able to undertake the task. Financing has now been furnished by the ECA, and public works, reclamation projects, and other steps of agricultural reform are under way.

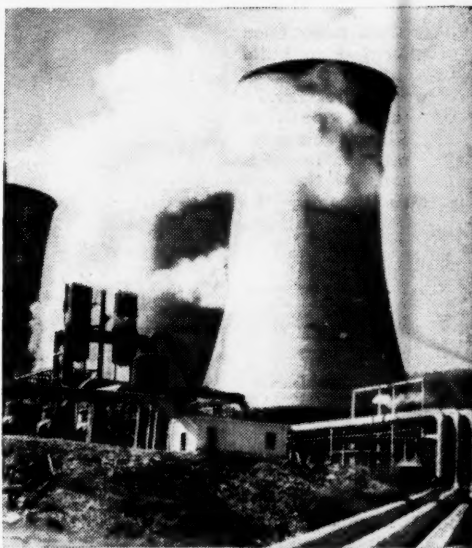
The island of Sicily is one area that has benefited. At Trapani, an aqueduct now supplies water to one of the island's most heavily eroded provinces. At Gela, a gigantic dam impounds 14 million cubic meters of water, so that intensive cultivation of orchards and truck farms is now possible on the Gela plain.

Sardinia has been so thoroughly cleared of malaria mosquitoes, with the aid of ECA funds, that malaria has now disappeared there for the first time in that island's history. Every pond, puddle, lake, and stagnant stream was sprayed with DDT, by workers using all forms of transportation, even helicopters.

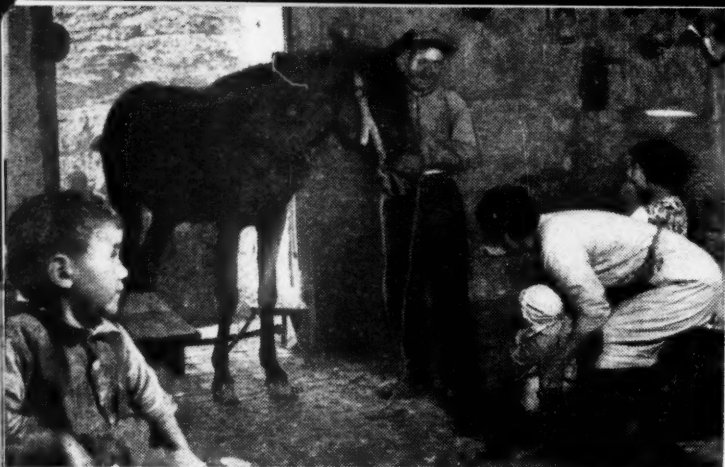
In Italy, such an accomplishment means more than the introduction of such drugs as penicillin and such machines as the iron lung.



**This Empoli glass blower has a job because of ECA aid to his factory.**



**These refrigerators at Larderello turn used steam back into water.**



This family lives in a cave in Matera, one of the places where ECA sponsors a housing project.

Twenty million lire have been allocated to build dwellings for workers in Itri, 75 miles south of Rome. This modern apartment is one of the new structures in the village.



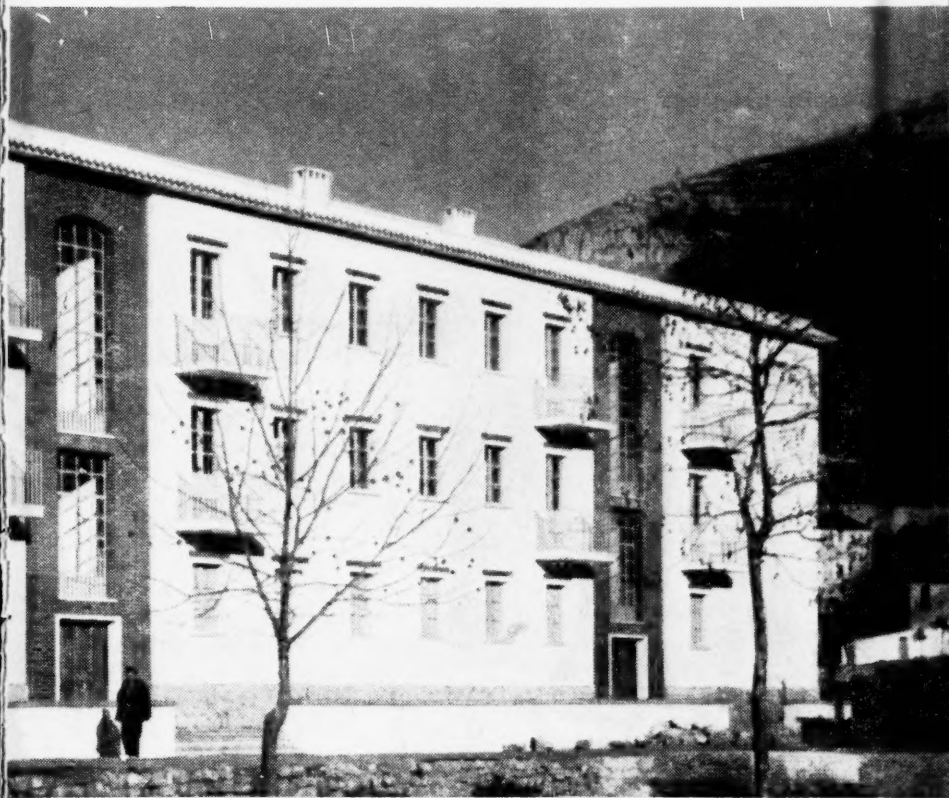
## Italy has international view

**I**TALY has not been content merely to receive foreign aid, but she has been one of the most cooperative of the Marshall Plan nations.

Italy was the first to endorse the Schuman Plan, by which the countries of western Europe agreed to work together in coal and steel production. Italy was among the first

to respond when General Eisenhower called for men to defend Western Europe.

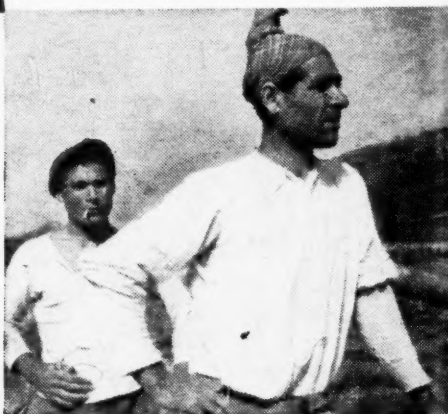
During 1950, 76% of Italian imports from the OEEC (Organization for European Economic Cooperation) countries were freed from quota controls. Italy also has been prominent in plans for Western European union. The last 1951 meeting of the council of ministers of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization was held in Rome.





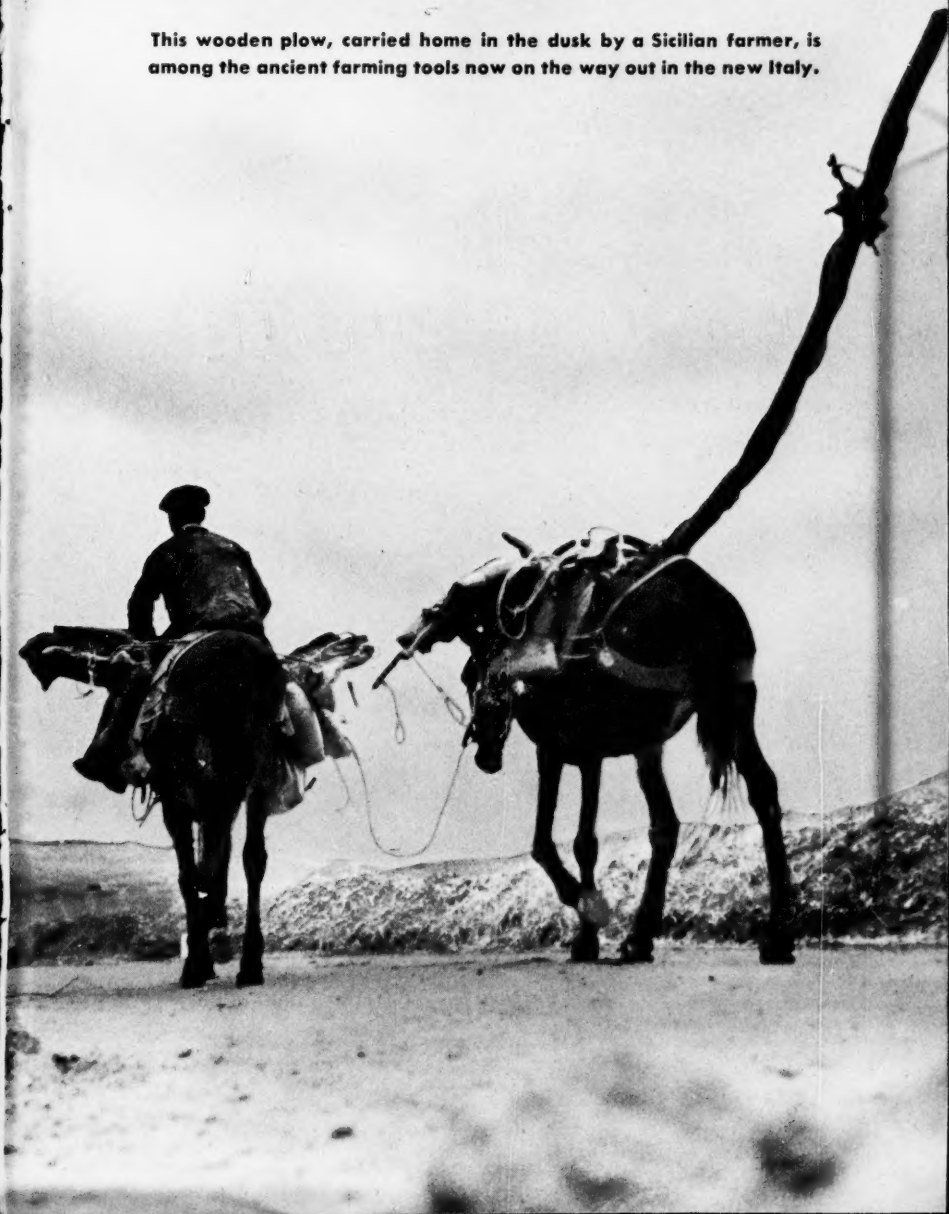
Children, workers, the aged, all feel greater security in Italy today because of the way in which the country has recovered. Problems still remain, however. More than 2 million workers remain without jobs.

**Despite progress  
Italy still has  
2 million  
unemployed**



Italy still has high-cost, high-priced, low-turnover methods of production and distribution. When both are improved, Italy will be better able to make jobs for her people, and aid militarily and economically in the defense and future of western Europe and the free world.

**This wooden plow, carried home in the dusk by a Sicilian farmer, is among the ancient farming tools now on the way out in the new Italy.**





THE SUN  
NEVER SETS ON  
READERS OF THE  
Catholic  
Digest



Dorchester Mass  
Sept 6, 1951

Dear Father Burrard,  
My sister and I gave  
father a subscription to the  
Catholic Digest. He really  
reading it and looks forward  
to getting it every month  
when he finishes reading

Ludwigshurg, Germany  
October 17, 1951

Dear Sir:  
You have been told of the high  
quality of the Catholic Digest by so many  
of the important and well known  
people of the world that the opinion of  
an ordinary soldier would not mean  
much, but I would still like to tell  
you what it means to me.  
I am able to pick it up and read  
it after being

Hohkards Dofan  
July 16, 1951

Dear Father,  
This is the voice of an old but yet  
young C.D. fanatic. Thanks a million  
for your copy which I receive promptly  
each month. Old Uncle Sam gets it over  
here in time. I used to think magazines  
used to print letters like these to sell  
more magazines when I read that a  
copy was a precious gift and it automatic  
was asked for in a long line of readers.  
Good literature is at a premium over

Aug. 15, 1951  
Tuscola, Ill.

The Catholic Digest  
St. Paul 2, Mann.

Gentlemen:

I have been taking the Catholic Digest for several years, and  
through my husband and I am a Protestant, we would not be with  
out it. We respect and like the Catholic Church and would  
like to know more about it.

Will you please tell me where I may purchase Father Peyton's  
book, "The Bar of God," from which you published a chapter  
a recent issue. We would both like to read it. We read  
his radio program and have been interested for some time in  
his work.

Sincerely yours,

Mrs. Floyd J. Kelp  
Mrs. Floyd J. Kelp